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Ruth Stickney.

















*(Frontispiece.)*

MINNEHAHA.

# INDIAN LEGENDS OF MINNESOTA



COMPILED BY  
MRS. CORDENIO A. SEVERANCE

//

"Then a darker, drearier vision  
Passed before me vague and cloudlike ;  
I beheld our nation scattered,  
All forgetful of my council,  
Weakened, warring with each other:  
Saw the remnant of our people  
Sweeping westward, wild and woful,  
Like the cloud rack of a tempest,  
Like the withered leaves of Autumn!"

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# **Dedication,**

TO

**MRS. FRANCIS B. CLARKE**

AND

**MR. DELOS A. MONTFORT,**

**UNDER WHOSE INSPIRATION AND THROUGH WHOSE**

**ASSISTANCE THIS UNDERTAKING HAS BEEN**

**MADE POSSIBLE, THIS VOLUME IS**

**RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.**

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## PREFACE.

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IN presenting to the public this volume the compiler wishes to disown any attempt at a complete collection of Indian legends; both her knowledge of archæology, and the time allowed for the completion of the work are inadequate to such an achievement. She has attempted to gather the more noticeable legends already in verse in order to stimulate interest in the scenery and romance of her State. From its name—Minnesota—to its floral emblem—the moccasin flower—the State everywhere bears the impress of former occupation. About every lake, forest, and valley clings the aroma of romance in the form of name or legend of the vanished Red Man.

The indistinct memory of his loves, wars, and adventures is growing rapidly fainter, until even the story-teller himself is confused as to the relation between event and locality. It has therefore seemed wise to link indissolubly scene and incident, that the poetry of those who have here lived and loved may not be completely displaced by the prosaic commerce of the white man.

The compiler wishes also to express her thanks to the writers who have allowed their works to

reappear in this volume : To Rev. E. D. Neill, D.D., for much valuable counsel, and to Houghton, Mifflin & Co., for permission to make extracts from *Hiawatha*.

# INDIAN LEGENDS.

---

## The Lone War-Path.

A STORY OF SIOUX AND BLACKFOOT.

O'ER a vast prairie stoops the sultry night ;  
The moon in her broad kingdom wanders white ;  
High hung in space, she swims the murky blue.  
Low lies yon village of the roaming Sioux—  
Its smoke-stained lodges, moving toward the west,  
By conquering Sleep invaded and possessed.

All there, save one, own his benign command ;  
Their chief has lately left this little band,  
And up the glittering path of spirits fled ;  
Thus his young widow, not a twelvemonth wed,  
In yonder solitary tent conceals  
The aching hope, the trembling pangs she feels.

How breathless is the night ! None saw it rise—  
That black cloud stealing up the glassy skies—

Till threatening murmurs, loud and louder grown,  
Burst from its swelling bosom, and the moon  
Slips into brief oblivion, while a glare  
As of far, flickering torches, seems to bear  
The challenge of the gods. Awake, awake!  
Make ready for the tempest, ere it break!  
Drive tent-pins deeper, stretch the covering  
tight—

Hobble the ponies, scattering in affright  
Before the thunder-peals. When all is fast,  
Keep vigil, then, till the gods' wrath be past!

A sudden fury sweeps the somber plain,  
In dizzy slant descends the sheeted rain;  
Sharp lightnings rend in twain the sable gloom,  
While, cannon-like, the unchained thunders boom!  
On this wild tumult of the angry skies  
No ear discerns a woman's thrilling cries;  
Yet, ere its sullen echoes die away  
In caverns where the mocking spirits play,  
Faint, but rejoicing, on a couch of skins,  
A new-made mother lays her lusty twins!

The wise men of the tribe strange signs relate—  
This stormy birth portends a stormy fate—  
And since the warring heavens, that should af-  
fright,  
Called forth these daring boys on such a night,  
Their names must own the event that marked their  
birth—

The elder, "As-he-walks-he-shakes-the-earth,"  
The younger twin, "Coming-his-voice-is-heard"—  
Thus saith the oracle.

This mighty word  
Darkens the mother's heart with nameless dread,  
But casts no shadow on the unconscious head  
Of either sturdy twin. Their mutual play  
With joyous echoes fills the livelong day !  
From helpless infancy to boyhood grown,  
One brother never had been seen alone,  
Till sudden sorrow bowed the mother's pride—  
The elder sickened and untimely died.

The gossips point to him that's left alone—  
 "He, too, will die, for half himself is gone!"  
 At first, distraught he seemed—unlike a child;  
 He ate not, slept not, neither spoke nor smiled.  
 Then sought the forest—wandered there alone  
 For days—his tender mother frantic grown—  
 Till he returned to her, and smiling, said,  
 "My spirit meets and talks with him that's dead!"  
 Thenceforth he seemed as one who, hand-in-hand,  
 Walks with a brother in the spirit land.

Among the Sioux, in those heroic days,  
When certain valor gained the meed of praise,  
The seasoned warrior, old and full of scars,  
Counted the hero of a hundred wars,  
Yet craving higher honor, went alone,  
On foot, to meet the enemy, and won  
(If he returned victorious), on that day  
A proud distinction.

Fancy her dismay,—  
The mother of a tender youth untried,—  
When he, the twin we know of, seeks her side

And murmurs in her ear, who loves him so,—  
“Mother, my elder brother bids me go  
On a lone war-path.” Knowing well ’twere vain  
To plead with him, her tears must fall like rain  
On ’broidered moccasins for those dear feet;  
His pouch, her choicest store of pounded meat  
Must fill before the dawn, which sends him forth  
On foot, alone, to pierce the savage north.

(DAKOTA WAR SONG.)

*I hear them coming who made thee weep! \**  
*Leap on thy father’s steed*  
*And urge him to his utmost speed,*  
*And rush to meet the warlike host,*  
*And meet them first, who hurt thee most.*  
*Strike one among ten thousand,*  
*And make but one to bleed!*  
*So shall thy name be known,*  
*Through all the world be known,*  
*If one is made to bleed!*  
*Heh-eh-eh-eh! Heh!*

Now to the journey gallantly addressed,  
(Still at his twin’s mysterious behest),  
He kills a buck with branching horns, and takes  
The tongue and heart for food—then straightway  
makes

A sacrifice to that stern deity—  
The thunder-god—who rules his destiny.  
On a fair, level spot, encompassed round  
With trees, he pins the carcass to the ground;

\* I. e., who slew thy father.

Prays for success, his burning heart's desire,—  
Then sleeps beside the embers of his fire.

How wearisome, how long the painful days  
That follow, as he treads by unknown ways  
A mazy wilderness, where lurk unseen  
All perils challenging his eye-sight keen.  
Yet on—with tattered shoes and blistering feet—  
To find the savage foe he longs to meet!  
At last, to wearied eyes that search in vain,  
The far-off meeting-place of sky and plain,  
A fleck of dazzling whiteness doth appear.  
The youth exclaims, "My enemy is near!"  
Toward that white gleam his cautious steps are bent,  
Surely some roving Blackfoot's lonely tent.

Nearer and nearer creeps, with cat-like tread,  
The watchful Sioux. Above his lowered head  
The plummy grasses rear a swaying crest;  
His sinuous motion ripples the broad breast  
Of this ripe prairie, like a playful wind  
That leaves its shining, silver track behind.

A tent of skins—that piercing eye saw true—  
Wondrously white and beautifully new;  
In all the colors known to savage art,  
A life-size figure with a blood-red heart  
Guards the low door. But who shall more divine,  
Since not a thread of smoke, nor sound, nor sign  
Of human presence makes the story clear,  
Save yonder dappled ponies grazing near?

Crouched in deep grass the wily Indian lies,  
Ambitious that lone hunter to surprise—

His gaze the wide horizon ranges low  
For the first glimpse of his returning foe ;  
The painted lodge full many a glance doth win—  
Each moment may reveal who lurks within !

At last it moves—that swinging oval door—  
At last she steps upon the prairie floor,  
Shading her dark eyes from the dazzling ray—  
A dusky princess, lovelier than the day !  
No matron, to her hidden foeman's sight,  
Has ever seemed so radiantly bright.  
Her dress is rich, in style unlike the Sioux.  
(These belles in doe-skin have their fashions, too ! )

On either shoulder lies a jetty braid ;  
Her slender form, most delicately made,  
Her deep, black eyes and winsome features miss  
Naught of proportion. What a conquest this !  
To such an enemy who would not bow ?  
Truly our warrior is a captive now !  
Vainly she gazes—turns and disappears,  
His beating heart our youthful hero hears !  
Rashly he thinks to follow and surprise  
This charming stranger—carry off the prize  
Before her lord's return. By impulse led,  
To the low door he stoops his stately head,  
Flings a last hurried glance to left and right,  
Then enters, and beholds this beauty bright  
Seated upon a pile of costly skins,  
Embroidering her hunter's moccasins !  
He stands abashed—she glances up to greet  
His hasty entrance with a smile so sweet,  
Then drops her lashes with such coquetry.  
Amazed, he thinks, “ No mortal woman she,



Who does not fear a stranger entering so !  
 Rather some teasing fairy, or a doe  
 In woman's form."

Abruptly he exclaims

"What are you—a Dakota?" As he names  
 That warlike tribe, at last she starts, and shakes  
 Her head; then with her slender fingers makes,  
 Slowly, the signs all tribes of Indians know—  
 "I do not speak your language."

"Is it so?

Where is your husband?" asks our hero young,  
 In this same silent, yet most graphic tongue.

"I am the daughter of a Blackfoot chief,  
 Whose home is three days' journey north. In brief,  
 My brother is a hunter. I am here  
 To keep his lodge, while he pursues the deer."

"Then I will leave you," he replies, "and when  
 Your brother comes, I shall return again!"

Thus saying, takes his leave; but, ere he goes,  
 One longing, lingering, backward glance he throws,  
 Which tells the maid how straight her arrow sped  
 To pierce the heart of him she else must dread.

(DAKOTA LOVE SONG.)

*My heart is heavy—my heart is sore—*

*I heard you were going away!*

*I wept all night—I wept all day—*

*I wept till I could weep no more*

*When I heard you were going away*

*Far, far away!*

*O my heart! O my poor heart!*

*Heh-eh-eh-eh! Ho-o-o!*

Concealing in the grass his eagle plumes,  
The patient Sioux his lonely watch resumes.  
The reddening sun is low, when, far away,  
He sees a moving speck. With its last ray  
A handsome youth dismounts before the door.  
His sister, as the custom was of yore,  
Removes the body of the doe with speed,  
Unsaddles, waters, pickets out his steed,  
Leaving the wearied hunter to repose.  
A film of smoke, dissolving as it goes,  
Curls upward from the Blackfoot's lodge.

At last,

The youthful pair have ended their repast,  
And reappear without, to taste the cool  
Of evening. All their sportive converse, full  
Of meaning gestures, doth right well supply  
Its story to their unseen watcher's eye,  
Who through the night his tireless vigil keeps,  
While, wrapt in dreams, the unconscious Blackfoot  
sleeps.

At earliest dawn, in the chill morning gray,  
Again the youthful hunter rides away ;  
And, when the sun mounts half way up the sky,  
Her lover meets the Blackfoot maiden's eye.  
Archly she greets him—"Laggard ! why so late ?  
He whom you seek is gone—he could not wait !"  
"But you—you told him not," the youth replies,  
"Of my first visit !" In each other's eyes  
They look and laugh ; and in that laughter free  
Dissolves the ancient, tribal enmity !

The wooing of an Indian is but brief.  
He tells his tale, "My father was a chief—  
These eighteen years in yonder heaven he dwells."  
The maiden's heart with awe and wonder swells  
On hearing that mysterious name and birth  
Which mark him as a being scarce of earth.  
Then, too, his gallant height and handsome face,  
Equipment strange, and bearing full of grace  
Ensnare her fancy.

When the bold demand  
Comes from this hero for her heart and hand,  
In blush and smile her answer may be guessed;  
Yet, womanlike, she puts him to the test!  
"Ere I consent, you must return with me  
Unto my father's lodge. And first—but see  
This raw-hide trunk. I pray you, creep inside—" (All this by signs); "then you can safely hide!  
I dread my brother's anger, when he hears  
Our foeman asks me for a wife."

Such fears  
(Prettily figured, it may be), win with ease  
The youth's consent to any scheme you please;  
Danger, discomfort, ridicule—all three  
This gallant wooer scorns, and smilingly  
Consents to crowd his noble length of limb  
Within the narrow space allotted him.

Captive he lies, and, all defenseless, hears  
The brother's late return. His jealous ears  
Miss no least accent in the voice of each,  
Yet glean so little from their foreign speech

That, spite of passion (knowing woman's art),  
A spasm of dread contracts the hero's heart.  
Suppose, while thus in helpless case he lay,  
The maid his place of hiding should betray!  
Clutching with iron grasp his trusty gun,  
Scarce breathing, he awaits the morrow's sun.  
Meanwhile, she prattles of adventures gay—  
Tells how a handsome stranger called that day,  
Describes his splendid dress,—the arms he bore,  
Such as no Blackfoot ever saw before ;  
But not a word her cunning lips let fall  
Of love and courtship as the sum of all !

At daybreak forth again the hunter fares,  
But with his artful sister first prepares  
A fresh surprise. When scarcely out of sight,  
She hastens to relieve her captive knight ;  
And while he gladly tastes the savory fare  
Which presently her willing hands prepare,  
Stretches his cramped limbs to the grateful sun,  
And drinks the favoring smiles so hardly won,  
A sudden shadow falls athwart his feet—  
At last the war-like Sioux and Blackfoot meet.

Surely the boy his sister's secret guessed,  
Since only kindness dwells within his breast  
Toward his ancestral foe. By friendly signs,  
Each comely youth the other's thought divines ;  
Then suddenly exclaims the dauntless Sioux,  
“ Listen, my friend ! I must return with you  
To ask and win this maiden for my wife ! ”  
“ Return with us ! not if you prize your life—”

The startled Blackfoot answers. "You must know  
That all our tribe regard you as a foe ;  
My sister's suitors are as many now  
As yonder leaves that twinkle on the bough.  
Should a Dakota venture such a plea,  
Our jealous youth would slay him instantly !"

The youthful warrior merely smiles, and lays  
His hand upon his gun, as one who says  
"I can defend myself !" "Do you so prize  
This thing ?" demands the other in surprise.  
"Set up a mark, and you shall shortly see  
What sort of weapon 'tis I bear with me !"  
"Take my white pony !" "No," his friend replies,  
"Set up a willow wand."

The bullet flies

Straight to its mark, and cleaves the target quite,  
While youth and maiden, starting in affright,  
Believe some heavenly wight this deed hath done—  
Doubtless the thunder's veritable son !  
Convinced at last, the Blackfoot yields assent,  
And leads the stranger to his father's tent.

On the third evening, as the shadows fall,  
The hospitable chief receives them all  
In his great lodge, and listens to their tale  
Of the brave Sioux, whose weapon cannot fail,  
But, like the thunder, with mysterious roar,  
Strikes enemies unseen. Well pleased before  
With this fair stranger-youth's ingenuous face,  
He bids him welcome with a courtly grace,  
And on the morn proclaims to all his band  
This warrior shall receive his daughter's hand.

The fiery Blackfeet, when this word they know,  
 Dart glances of dire hatred at their foe ;  
 But, hold ! the criers once again appear—  
 “ This foreign bridegroom hath a magic here !  
 Weapon like his no Blackfoot ever saw !  
 Bring forth a mark and then prepare with awe  
 To witness its destruction ! ”

Scoffingly

Each brave presents his finest horse, while he  
 Accepts of one, and fires before them all.  
 Ah, pity ! see the noble creature fall !  
 Hear its death-scream !

Some trembled, others fled,  
 But all declared so fair a maid should wed  
 No less a brave than this. All cavil ceased ;  
 And now began with joy the marriage feast.

(LOVE SONG.)

*One day you will remember me—  
 One day—one day !  
 You will at last remember me,  
 And say,  
 “ I was so dear to her—so dear to her ! ”  
 Yeh-eh-eh-eh— ;  
 You will remember me  
 One day !  
 Yeh-eh-eh-eh— !*

When the young hero carried home his bride,  
 He rode a pacing pony at her side ;

Twelve others followed—costly loads they bore,  
Rich robes and gifts—the Blackfoot maiden's  
dower.

On a lone war-path finding such a fate,  
His triumph all the village celebrate ;  
Peace is declared between the tribes ; and soon—  
Before the waxing of another moon—  
Guns, knives and blankets, prized past all belief,  
Are sent as presents to the Blackfoot chief.

Such is the tale by Indian camp-fires told—  
The old, old story that grows never old !

ELAINE GOODALE EASTMAN.

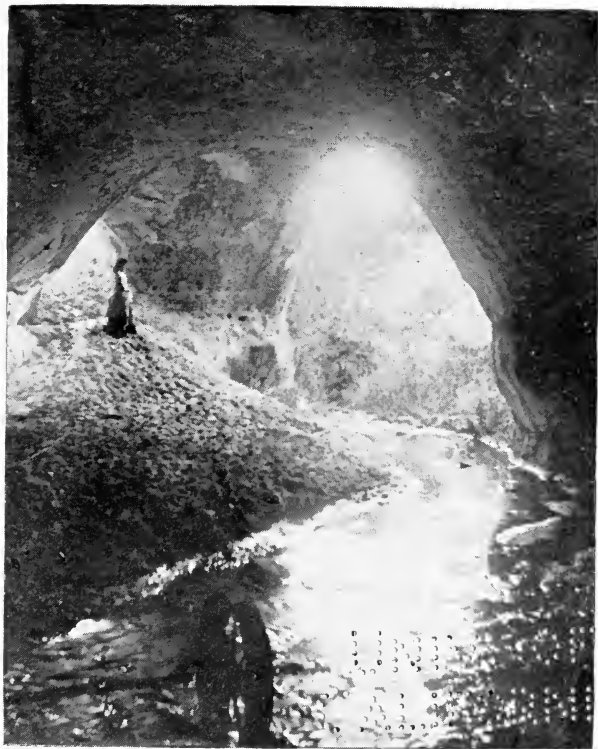


## Fond Hearts of the Forest.

A LEGEND OF FOUNTAIN CAVE, NEAR ST. PAUL.

THE hazy gloaming gathers round,  
The silence mellows every sound,  
The gentle wind, through foliage nigh,  
Begins to breathe its plaintive sigh ;  
While o'er the hill creeps silver light,  
Where calm and chaste the queen of night,  
Awaking from her daily trance,  
Doth charm all nature with her glance.  
Her virgin train sweeps down the glade,  
Kissing the cavern's mouth of shade ;  
She smiles upon the singing brook,  
With sparkles filling every nook  
That lurks about its dimpled face,  
Giving its deepest shadows grace,  
And breathing on its grassy mane  
A gloss it ne'er can hope to gain  
Beneath the sun's more kingly ray.  
Weirdly the purling waters play  
In her embrace ; then break away  
To vanish under bending boughs,  
But giving voice to gurgling vows





FOUNTAIN CAVE.

١٢٣٤٥٦٧٨٩١٠١١١٢١٣١٤١٥١٦١٧١٨١٩٢٠٢١٢٢٢٣٢٤٢٥٢٦٢٧٢٨٢٩٣٠٣١٣٢٣٣٣٤٣٥٣٦٣٧٣٨٣٩٤٠٤١٤٢٤٣٤٤٤٥٤٦٤٧٤٨٤٩٥٠٥١٥٢٥٣٥٤٥٥٥٦٥٧٥٨٥٩٦٠٦١٦٢٦٣٦٤٦٥٦٦٦٧٦٨٦٩٧٠٧١٧٢٧٣٧٤٧٥٧٦٧٧٧٨٧٩٨٠٨١٨٢٨٣٨٤٨٥٨٦٨٧٨٨٨٩٩٠٩١٩٢٩٣٩٤٩٥٩٦٩٧٩٨٩٩١٠١١١٢١٣١٤١٥١٦١٧١٨١٩٢٠٢١٢٢٢٣٢٤٢٥٢٦٢٧٢٨٢٩٣٠٣١٣٢٣٣٣٤٣٥٣٦٣٧٣٨٣٩٤٠٤١٤٢٤٣٤٤٤٥٤٦٤٧٤٨٤٩٥٠٥١٥٢٥٣٥٤٥٥٥٦٥٧٥٨٥٩٦٠٦١٦٢٦٣٦٤٦٥٦٦٦٧٦٨٦٩٧٠٧١٧٢٧٣٧٤٧٥٧٦٧٧٧٨٧٩٨٠٨١٨٢٨٣٨٤٨٥٨٦٨٧٨٨٨٩٩٠٩١٩٢٩٣٩٤٩٥٩٦٩٧٩٨٩٩

Of future tryst, of love again  
Where meet the river banks and glen.  
The moonlight vaults beyond the trees  
To gain the river side, and sees  
A dusky maiden sitting there,  
Who twines her lovely raven hair,  
And frequent lifts her melting eyes  
To where the flashing ripple flies  
Across the bosom of that glass  
Where dancing stars nocturnal pass.  
A princess of the wildwood she,  
And graceful as the deer that flee  
Till stricken by the light-winged shaft  
So deadly from the hunter's craft.  
The river sings beneath her feet;  
It finds an echo in the sweet  
And tender thought that throbs behind  
The starry curtains of her mind.  
And when the thrills that sweep her heart  
Now from her tongue in music start,  
The wavelets beating on the strand,  
The murmuring leaves by zephyrs fanned,  
The minor rhythms that wake the bowers  
Of this fair glen when evening lowers,  
And warbling birds' melodious throng,  
All mingle with her low love song.  
Her voice is all that's wild and sweet,  
And slow must be that warrior's feet  
Who would not speed with all his heart  
To see her red lips meet and part.  
Love moves her with his golden sway—  
A young and stalwart Chippewa  
Has gained her heart, and kindred ties

And tribal feuds her love defies.  
What cares she that her people hate  
And his give back without abate?  
What cares she that he is not Sioux?  
If he but keep his promise true!  
She sings an old song, passion-laden  
By many a dead Dahkota maiden:

*O where is my lodge—my love?  
O where is the lord of my breast?  
Reveal me, Great Spirit above,  
The arms where my passion may rest!*

*Brave warriors are thick as the leaves  
That follow the wind in the fall;  
Each maiden may think she receives  
The smile of the noblest of all;*

*But I know a chief who can slay  
The panther and bear with his hand,—  
As warm and as proud as the day,  
And braver than all in his band.*

*In his sinewy arms I shall rest,  
And hear his voice call me "sweet dove!"  
O he is the lord of my breast!  
With him is my lodge and my love!*

She stops! She turns with sudden start,  
With troubled eyes and beating heart,  
To the frowning bluffs, where warlike cries  
And sound of savage revel rise.  
The warriors of her tribe are there,  
All dancing in the firelight glare.

Their spears with reeking scalps are clad,  
Their thoughts are blood, their brains are mad ;  
Each yelling brave now only knows  
Fierce hatred for his ancient foes.  
They boast of all their deeds of might,  
Of secret slaughter, deadly fight,  
And woe to him who comes to meet  
The lonely maid, Wenonah sweet,  
If they his paddle's dip shall hear  
Or after learn his presence near.  
When their wild revel, to her fright,  
Rose wilder with the fall of night,  
She stole away and gained this place  
To see again her lover's face.  
She gazes on the distant shore,  
But all is quiet as before.  
Again she sings, her flute-like tones  
So low that were the very stones  
On which she rests her feet possessed  
With sense to hear, what she confessed  
In tuneful cadence would be lost  
To them, for well she knows the cost  
For him who loves her, if her thought  
Be told aloud, and so there naught  
Breaks on the air but melody.  
If sung in words, her song would be :

*My love is strong, my love is brave,  
His heart is warm and true ;  
He soon will come across the wave  
And bear me in his light canoe,  
To be his queen and slave.*

*To me he bowed his eagle plume,  
He tamed his eagle eye,  
And vowed his love would life consume  
If I refused with him to fly,  
His teepee to illumine.*

*O come, my chief! I watch—I wait!  
I give up all for thee;  
If thou wilt have an alien mate,  
Wenonah longs that one to be,  
That she may share thy fate.*

*Come quickly, love, but make no sound,  
My people are thy foes,  
If thou shouldst here by them be found  
A warrior's death thy life would close,  
Thy soul be skyward bound.*

*What then would poor Wenonah do  
If she were left alone?  
She scarce would see the hand that slew  
Ere she would raise her death-chant tone,  
And with thee perish too!*

She scans the echoing cliff once more,  
Then turns to view the farther shore,  
And bending low she strives to hear  
Some sound to tell her he is near.  
O'er all there seems to fall a hush  
As tender as her cheek's warm blush.  
So firmly rooted to the spot—  
As if she had all things forgot—

She looks like some wild, charm-bound elf,  
As lifeless as the moon itself.  
But no ! the parted lip and eye  
Of flashing fire such thoughts belie,  
And well and eloquent avow  
The soul beneath that rigid brow.  
O virgin heart ! O passion bright !  
That fills a glance with beauty's light.  
O Wenijishid, happy thou,  
Who surely will not tarry now !  
A moment thus—then up she springs,  
And now the song she softly sings  
Floats o'er the water from her lip  
To meet the constant, noiseless dip  
Of Wenijishid's paddle blade.  
How swift to greet the faithful maid  
He comes ! She waits, 'tween joy and fear,  
While on he glides, each stroke more near.  
Love gives him more than wonted strength,  
And on the beach he leaps at length.  
With trembling joy, with artless grace,  
She springs into his glad embrace.  
Within her brave young hero's arms  
Forgot are all her past alarms.  
One rapturous kiss with quick impress,—  
His burning hands her locks caress,—  
And then they gaze, at love's sweet will,  
Eye into eye with answering thrill !  
“Wenonah, darling, since we met,  
Not once could I that smile forget  
Which told me (more than words could tell)  
The hopes that made this bosom swell  
Were fair in our great Spirit's sight.

He, ere another moon's swift flight,  
Shall bid me take thee to my home  
And joy in thee, no more to roam."  
Her trustful voice is low and clear,  
And sweetest music in his ear :  
" No chief is braver, none more bold  
Than he whose neck my arms enfold.  
He dares the light the moonbeams make  
And danger courts for my poor sake.  
Hark ! Wenijishid, hearest thou not  
Those yells of warning ? Though this spot  
Rests now beneath a peaceful spell,  
How long 'twill so we cannot tell.  
Thy heart is big, and like a rock  
Will meet the blood-storm's awful shock ;  
But I am weaker—and I fear  
For thee each moment thou art here.  
Behold how now the moonlight meets  
And with a kiss each ripple greets ;  
Wenonah's heart, o'erflowed with bliss,  
Is wholly thine, and thine her kiss."  
The radiance mingled with the shade—  
The murmur low by night winds made—  
The rune, harmonious and complete,  
Of wavelets in their ceaseless beat—  
The fragrance given of sleeping flower--  
The brooding hush that fits the hour,—  
With this fair scene all these are met  
To make the scene more lovely yet.  
Wenonah's kiss would all confess,  
It gives to beauty holiness ;  
The moments passing seem to be  
Endowed with all eternity,



And in this lonely spot, love found  
Brings the whole universe in bound !  
But, hark ! what sound the breezes bear  
Turning her gladness to despair ?  
Wenonah trembles like a reed,  
With hunted look she turns to plead :  
“ O Wenijishid, leave me, quick !  
For dangers gather round thee thick.  
We are discovered, and thy death  
May hang upon each wasted breath.  
Fly for thy life ! Too late ! too late !  
Together we must meet our fate.”  
He smiles, and there with dauntless front  
Would meet the coming foemen's brunt ;  
But she who will not leave his side  
Bears in her hand his warrior pride,  
And hopes of joyous life with her  
Are sweeter than the battle's stir.  
His war-whoop's taunt rings through the glen,  
While answering come the cries of ten.  
Wenonah clasps his brawny arm,  
And lest his love might come to harm  
He turns to where his birchen boat  
Seems chafing to be set afloat ;  
And, ere their foes have gained the strand,  
The light canoe beneath his hand  
Leaps off before a foaming track.  
He flings a yell of triumph back,  
And grimly smiles as on he flies  
To hear their disappointed cries ;  
Yet lest they may too soon pursue,  
He urges on the flight anew.  
He plies the paddle with a will,

They skim the waves,—but swifter still  
A vengeful arrow cleaves the air,  
To sink between his shoulders bare.  
The shock is cruel, and the blade  
Falls from his hand; his powers all fade  
Like thought, and plunging on his face,  
Deathlike he lies. Now to his place  
Wenonah springs; with bloodless lip,  
With gleaming eye and nervous grip,  
She works the paddle with a force  
Of which but love could be the source.  
Beyond the range of bow, she flings  
The blade aside and fiercely brings  
Her wounded hero to her breast.  
Now sadly called, now wildly pressed,  
He breathes at last a feeble sigh,  
And, feeling sure he will not die,  
She labors strongly, full of hope  
And nerved with any fate to cope.  
She gains the shore, and stoutly bears  
Her chief through brush and wild beast lairs.  
All through the night she speeds her flight.  
To where his people's fires burn bright.  
When friendly, helping hands are found,  
And she has given him to their care,  
She sinks upon the leafy ground,  
Panting like a hunted hare.  
Her faithful powers have filled their task,  
Their sacred trust no more need ask,  
And now the goal is gained, they bind  
Oblivion's charm around her mind.

\*

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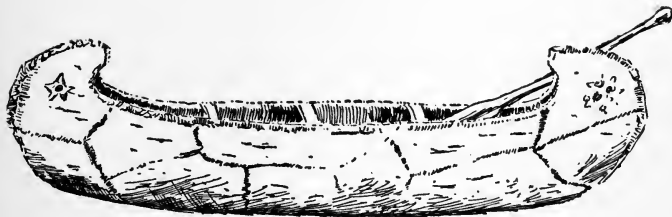
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Young life is pliant, love will give  
A mighty motive still to live.  
And when he wakes, with deep surprise  
He meets the dark and glorious eyes  
Of dear Wenonah on him bent  
In passion's hope absorbed, content.

\* \* \* \* \*

Since this took place it is not known  
How many changing moons have flown ;  
Yet still, when Luna's rapiers bright  
Pierce through the tenuous robe of Night,  
And shining on the stilly shore  
Create again that scene of yore,  
Wenonah and her lover true  
Pass over in their white canoe ;  
Their spirit forms unshadowed glide  
Across the rapid, glistening tide.



## Anpetusapa.

A LEGEND OF ST. ANTHONY FALLS.

'Tis autumn, and the breezes lift  
Their melancholy tones ;  
'Tis evening : through each passing rift  
The stars, like precious stones  
In lustrous beauty (clouded soon),  
Sweet incense to the sight,  
Attend their white-robed mistress moon,  
Queen of romantic night.  
Anon, as the cloud hosts fly  
Before the wind across the sky,  
The court of the queen is suddenly seen,  
With its pomp sublime and array  
Of sparkling and glittering sheen,  
More lovely than the light of day,  
More glorious than the twilight gleam  
That mingles with the sun's last beam  
Where the waves of ocean play.

By the river's bank a wandering band  
Have reared their teepee walls,  
Here where the warriors all may stand  
And view the mighty falls.

The ivory moon is mounting high,  
The lodge fires flicker low,  
And slumbering forms are visible by  
The embers' last faint glow,  
When lightly steps a youthful brave  
Out from the forest ways  
Into the star-roofed nave,  
Out from the shadowing trees  
(Leaves fluttering slow in the slow night breeze)  
Into the broad, revealing rays,  
Into the silvery glow.  
With step as buoyant as the air  
He glides above the glistening sward ;  
The largest, whitest teepee there  
Doth seem to center his regard,  
For there his unmarked path doth end,  
And there his burning glances send  
Their passionate lightnings, wild, yet all  
Made reverent by the spot on which they fall.  
This lodge doth tower  
Above the poles on every hand  
Like some strange chieftain o'er his band.  
Why comes he at this hour?  
Hath dark revenge a purpose here ?  
Shall bloody strife appear  
On such a scene? Ah, no ! the power  
That spurs him hath a softer spell ;  
For here the tribe's most cherished flower,  
The daughter of the chief, doth dwell.

His deep, rich voice floats down the glade,  
In soft, unwonted tones  
Like gentle winds through pine-tree cones ;

He sings the Warrior's Serenade ;  
While at the end of every strain—  
With more effect his cause to plead—  
He plays a wild and shrill refrain  
Upon a flute of rude-cut reed.

*Lonely warbling bird of night !*

*Leave thy bough and perch above  
The silent, dewy folds of white  
That screen my sleeping love.  
Drink the moonlight rays that fall  
Pure and mellow, like the beams  
Of starry eyes beyond my call,  
Far in the land of dreams.  
Tell her I am brave and strong ;  
Tell her I have loved her long ;  
Singing softly, like a dove,  
Tell her all you know of love  
I cannot tell in song.*

*Tell her I am waiting here*

*At the threshold of her bower ;  
Winds are lifting far and near  
The sweets of every flower,  
All the stars are out in state,  
Music breathes in every stir,  
All of nature seems to wait  
For a glimpse of her.  
Tell her I am brave and strong ;  
Tell her I have loved her long ;  
Singing softly like a dove,  
Tell her all you know of love  
I cannot tell in song.*

Is it the wind that swings apart  
The deerskin door from the lodge away?  
Is it a sudden leap of his heart  
That makes too vivid fancy play?  
Or is it a nut-brown arm that holds  
The trembling folds,  
And are those liquid eyes that shine  
Like diamonds fine?  
Sing on, sing on, bold youth,  
And hope shall lead thee to the truth!

*She is lovelier than the sky,  
Sweeter than the freshest bud,  
I can no longer wait and sigh  
Here in the moonlight flood;  
All my heart is at her feet,  
All my strength at her behest;  
O sing, and bid her come to greet  
The one who loves her best!  
Tell her I am brave and strong;  
Tell her I have loved her long;  
Singing softly, like a dove,  
Tell her all you know of love  
I cannot tell in song.*

His manly voice entreating calls  
As softly as the dewdrop falls.  
He ceases, and the night winds hush  
As if they too had waited long;  
The organ river's chanting rush  
Seems but an echo of his song.  
And shall he wait and plead in vain?  
Ah, no! love is not always pain;

For see, the folds are drawn aside,  
And dimly there may be descried  
A shadowy form of shadowy grace,  
That halts while still in gloom arrayed,  
With eyes that light the tawny face  
And tresses darker than the shade.

O spell of song ! O power and thrill  
Of love ! O dream that sways  
The blood of youth, that feels no chill  
Till love betrays !

O hark ! ye sprites that haunt this time,—  
This quiet moon-lit hour,  
When Cupid weaves, in every clime,  
His web of subtlest power,—  
O, can ye hear, and not rejoice,  
The music of a maiden's voice ?

“Anpetusapa's glance would meet  
The night bird that can sing so sweet.”  
With what a bounding stride he goes !  
With what a light his dark eye glows !  
With what a look he seeks to fire  
Those gentle eyes with his desire !

“O multiply what voice reveals ;  
The bird can sing not half it feels !  
Too deep, too deep, to tell in words,  
And even too sweet for song of birds,  
Is passion like this heart of mine  
Doth feel for thine ! ”



She lightly steps into the light,  
She gently lifts her gentle eyes,  
She flies not, though her heart takes flight  
And soars without disguise.

“I know thee; thou art strong and tall,  
Thy fearless deeds are known to all.  
O may this eve be not more fair  
Than life to thee, is all my prayer.”

His mighty sinews, sternly trained,  
Are now with manly grace restrained,  
And the fortunate touch of a fairy's wand  
Far ruder would seem than the touch of his hand;  
And the light of his eye like a streamlet doth flow  
Where passion and tenderness mingle and flash  
On the dancing ripples, whose murmuring low  
From his lips seem to dash  
A faithful, harmonious echo:

“Of happiness all my life will tell  
If thou in my lodge doth dwell.  
Oh! couldst thou but know  
The new, the glad, the tender glow  
That warms my heart, so fiercely brave  
When breasting battle's fiercest wave—  
Couldst thou but feel it pulse and bound  
Whene'er my ear is charmed to hear  
Thy gentle tongue's melodious sound—  
Couldst thou but see how these fond eyes  
Rejoice to look upon thy face  
When like a dream before them rise  
Thy matchless form and wondrous grace—

How deeply, thirstily they drink  
Thy dew-bright eyes, whose flashing glance  
Doth like a luring firefly dance  
(Along an island's shadowy brink  
Where rippling waters, restless waters,  
Sing their low, unchanging song  
Upon the pebbles all night long).  
Thou art a flower whose smile hath made  
A sunbeam pierce the forest shade ;  
Thou art a rose that fragrant grows  
To beautify the darksome glade  
And sweeten every breeze that blows.  
Anpetusapa ! wilt thou give  
The promise that shall make me live  
As I have never lived before ?  
I love thee, and the powers divine  
Shall teach thy heart to pulse with mine,  
And bless our union evermore  
While moons shall pass or starlight shine."

The guardian bosom of her lover  
Serves well her modest blush to cover ;  
Her willowy arms about him twine  
As closely as the greenwood vine  
Doth hang upon the towering oak,  
That holds it safe from every stroke  
And proudly shelters the delicate form  
From all the buffets of the storm.  
The moon and every heavenly gem  
Now seem to shine alone for them.

O Time ! why must thou speed away ?  
For knowest thou not that present joy

Bears no increase for such as they,  
For whom all change must bring alloy ?  
And thou, young Love ! canst thou not make  
A lonely Eden for their sake ?  
'Tis better that but two should find  
Gladness of heart and peace of mind,  
Than all the greater sum of life—  
With burning hearts that fates unbind  
And crowding thoughts that gender strife.  
But no, the gift of life is one  
Of strangest form, of blended tints  
And crossing lines, with mingled hints  
Of glory from an unseen sun ;  
And shades that hourly darker grow  
For those who seek that sun to know ;—  
And they must take the whole or none.  
So they must wake to memory  
Of other things, so they must be  
Reminded of the powers that hold  
Their future lives, to rule and mold.

“ Anpetusapa need not name  
The glory of her father's fame ;  
He is a mighty chief, and none  
Too quickly will he choose a son.”

“ O fear not, my blossom,  
For he shall not see  
The flower of his bosom  
Mismated with me.  
Where war-whoops are sounding  
Their blood-stirring call,  
There I shall go bounding

The foremost of all.  
When foemen shall fly me  
And chiefs call me brave,  
He will not deny me  
The boon I shall crave."

"Yes, thou art brave for one so young;  
This voice of mine thy feats hath sung  
When from the war-path thou returned  
On which thy first renown was earned.  
If my poor love can make thy bliss,  
My service give the happier life,  
All hope shall dwell in one kind kiss  
For thine eternal-loving wife."

"O blessed promise! future bright!  
This feeble tongue of mine can never  
Reveal how dear thou art to-night,  
How cherished thou shalt be forever!"

\* \* \* \* \*

The chief approved the suitor bold,  
And for rich goods his daughter sold.  
She thought not of the trade, but went  
To her young lord with true content,  
And while she dreamed of joy to come  
Her heart was full, her lips were dumb;  
And day by day her task was wrought,  
Each hour with self-denial fraught;  
His wants were met, his lodge was trim,  
Her patient thoughts were all for him.  
The powers divine did seem to bless  
The promise of his wild caress;

And so the happy moons flew by,  
Till new refulgence filled her sky  
When there appeared a baby boy,  
Whose laugh o'erflowed her cup of joy ;  
For this must prove, she could but feel,  
A bond between them strong as steel.

Alas, thou too confiding wife,  
What clouds were gathering o'er thy life !  
For vanity alone will stay  
With human nature to the last ;  
Each happy day will slip away  
Into the valleys of the past,  
Returning but a ghostly thing  
When the spirit drinks at Memory's spring.

Why did he vow to cherish ever ?  
Or why allow his heart to change ?  
What maid was she who came to sever  
Thy love and thee ? What magic strange  
Had she to work her strange endeavor ?  
What mind shall solve the mystery  
Of loves that come and loves that flee ?  
Why should Anpetusapa give  
Her heart's whole life, her richest treasure,  
To one whose boasted flame could live  
Through but a dozen moons' small measure ;  
Whose passion was for selfish pleasure ?

Yet so it was ; another came  
Her heart to cloud, her place to claim.  
Her lodge became another's nest ;  
The first wife, she was second now ;

'Neath custom's yoke compelled to bow  
And see her rival fondly pressed.  
The death gloom settled on her brow,  
Day brought no sun, the night no rest.  
The beam of sadness lit her eye,  
And memories that could never die  
Until her body, void of breath,  
Became the precious spoil of Death.  
Morn after morn beheld her still  
Slow sinking, like a mountain rill  
Whose fountain-head, once bubbling bright,  
Hath dried away, and left the white  
And pulseless sand to mark where long  
Began the sparkle and the song.

One joy alone was left to bring  
The heart-swept thrill of other days,  
When to her baby she would sing  
Her lullaby of love and praise ;  
And this, even this, renewed the thought  
Of joyous hopes that came to naught.  
Betrayed by faith, yet faithful to the last,  
She murmured not ; but patiently she passed  
Each day in kindly service, given  
As if her heart were all unruined,  
Until at length heroic strength  
Could bear no more.

Upon the shore  
Of wild Messipi's plunging flood,  
Where they were camped so long before,  
They camped again ; again their blood  
Marched to the music of its roar.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis morning : every bird its matin sings  
And beats the air with throbbing wings,  
The air so sweet and quick ; the glistening dew  
Hangs crystal beauty on all verdant things,—  
Each trembling drop reflecting true  
The overspread, unclouded blue ;  
While from the east the cohorts of the sun  
With dazzling spears begin to strew  
The morning vapors, damp and dun,  
Whose melting ranks are closed anew  
To vanish where the rapid waters run.

Anpetusapa hides her woe  
Until her husband and her foe  
Have left the lodge and gone from sight.  
Then with a tearless eye and bright,  
She gazes madly round the place  
Where every comfort bears the trace  
Of wifely labor wrought with pain,  
Of woman's love that lives in vain.  
Here moccasins lie with bead-work gay ;  
Here on the wall the breezes sway  
The music-breathing flute,  
Whose lips are dry and mute,  
While she who once inspired its tone  
Now sits despairing and alone.  
The very curls of smoke that rise  
And mingle with the morning skies,  
Are tokens of the duties done  
Beneath the red eye of the rising sun.  
Awhile she sits in cruel thought,

.

Till, with her anguish overwrought,  
She flies to him who sweetly bears  
The image of her faithless god,  
And on each infant feature wears  
The smiling hopes on which he trod.  
Convulsively she clasps her child,  
Whose love, alone left undefiled,  
Is not enough to nerve her soul  
Beneath its crushing weight of dole.

She listens to the roaring water,  
Whose voice she heard in music grand  
When she was but the old chief's daughter,  
When love such wondrous fortunes planned;  
And ruthless phantoms of the past  
Across her mind are flitting fast,  
Each with a keen, envenomed dart  
That poisons brain and tortures heart.  
With breath too quick to lift a sigh,  
With marble firmness on her brow,  
With glassy wildness in her eye,  
She seeks the river's margin now.  
She springs into a birch canoe,  
All beaded with the morning dew,  
And clasping close her mother's pride,  
Soon gains the middle of the tide.

O hark! thou selfish one who gave  
Embrace more treacherous than the wave:  
Does not her song which mounts the air  
Reproach thee with its grand despair?  
Why dost thou hurry to the river?  
Why dost thou call, why dost thou shiver,

.



While she whom thou hast driven away  
Is bold amidst the chilly spray ?  
What good is all thy vain remorse ?  
Thinkst thou from jaws of death to force  
A sacrifice so lightly thrust  
Upon the altar of thy lust ?  
A host like thee could nothing urge  
To meet one tone of her sad dirge :

*My heart cannot live without loving ;  
My heart cannot give up its own ;  
No more will I linger with sorrow,  
But follow the joys that have flown ;  
With Death I will rest me to-morrow  
On a kind, dreamless bed of stone.*

*I fear not the rush of the water,  
For me all its terrors are vain ;  
It cannot bring less than gladness,  
For it banishes all my pain ;  
I will sink with my burden of sadness  
And mix with the earth again.*

*My baby, my darling, my blossom,  
Nor anguish nor falsehood shall know ;  
Together we cleave the wild billow—  
Unfaltering together we go  
To rest on the same rocky pillow,  
To slumber and mingle below.*

Plunging on the sunlit stream,  
The frail canoe, with trembling leaps,

Hurries toward the mists that gleam  
To veil the awful steeps.  
What need has she for any veil ?  
Despairing eyes will never quail !  
See, now upon the glowing crest,  
Where clouds of spray beneath her lie,  
She clasps her boy upon her breast,  
She gazes on the cloudless sky,  
And in its blue depth seems to see  
Death, robed in peaceful purity ;  
Then down into the boiling tomb  
That makes for her the happiest doom.  
How strange that peace should thus be found  
Amid such tumult-breathing sound !  
To leap from life and light, and find  
A darkness sweeter to the mind !

\* \* \* \*

Long shall the mists of morning show  
The spirit of her who long ago  
Wrapped them round her wearily—  
A victim of love and treachery.  
Long shall her mournful death-song find  
An echo in the moaning wind ;  
Long shall Dahkota legend bind  
That echo with the roaring falls,  
The ancient, foam-crowned, giant falls,  
Whose voice so oft hath given  
The welcome of its watery halls,  
That lead the soul, when the Great Spirit calls,  
To the hunting-grounds of heaven.  
And though a child of the forest dark

Weary of life would here embark,  
As to a portal hither comes,—  
And yet who may not pass this way  
Into eternal joy and day,—  
The water hides and soon benumbs  
The sorrow, and the cadence deep  
Becomes a lullaby to hush  
The spirit to its endless sleep  
Beneath the surging rush,  
Beneath the shrouding spray,  
Where the tireless waters sweep  
To their wild, unpausing leap—  
Then fly to the South away !  
The flood is cold, but the heart is bold  
When the future that lives new sorrow gives ;  
And within the chamber halls  
Of the grand and solemn falls  
May be found a sleep so sweet and deep  
That its darkness never palls,  
While ages pass with silent creep.  
Time hath no tooth to tear  
The heart whose pulse is dead,  
And sorrow may live in the air  
But not in the river-bed !  
I ween all peacefully there  
Is pillowed forever the head  
Of a woman whose heart was fair,  
Though her cheeks were dusky red.

## Winona.

### PART I.

WINONA, <sup>1</sup> first-born daughter, was the name  
Of a Dakota girl who, long ago,  
Dwelt with her people here unknown to fame.  
Sweet word, Winona, how my heart and lips  
Cling to that name (my mother's was the same  
Ere her form faded into death's eclipse),  
Cling lovingly, and loth to let it go.  
All arts that unto savage life belong  
She knew, made moccasins, and dressed the game.  
From crippling fashions free, her well-knit frame  
At fifteen summers was mature and strong.  
She pitched the tipi, <sup>2</sup> dug the tipsin <sup>3</sup> roots,  
Gathered wild rice and store of savage fruits.  
Fearless and self-reliant, she could go  
Across the prairie on a starless night ;  
She speared the fish while in his wildest flight,  
And almost like a warrior drew the bow.  
Yet she was not all hardness : the keen glance,  
Lighting the darkness of her eyes, perchance  
Betrayed no softness, but her voice, that rose  
O'er the weird circle of the midnight dance,  
Through all the gamut ran of human woes,



MAIDEN ROCK, LAKE PEPIN.

TO THE  
LIBRARY

Passion, and joy. A woman's love she had  
For ornament; on gala days was clad  
In garments of the softest doeskin fine,  
With shells about her neck; moccasins neat  
Were drawn, like gloves, upon her little feet,  
Adorned with scarlet quills of porcupine.  
Innocent of the niceties refined  
That to the toilet her pale sisters bind,  
Yet much the same beneath the outer rind,  
She was, though all unskilled in bookish lore,  
A sound, sweet woman to the very core.

Winona's uncle, and step-father too,  
Was all the father that she ever knew;  
By the Absarakas<sup>4</sup> her own was slain  
Before her memory could his face retain.  
Two bitter years his widow mourned him dead,  
And then his elder brother she had wed.  
None loved Winona's uncle; he was stern  
And harsh in manner, cold and taciturn,  
And none might see, without a secret fear,  
Those thin lips ever curling to a sneer.  
And yet he was of note and influence  
Among the chieftains; true he rarely lent  
More than his presence in the council tent,  
And when he rose to speak disdained pretence  
Of arts rhetoric, but his few words went  
Straight and incisive to the question's core,  
And rarely was his counsel overborne.  
The Raven was the fitting name he bore;  
And though his winters well-nigh reached three-  
score,  
Few of his tribe excelled him in the chase.

A warrior of renown, but never wore  
The dancing eagle plumes, and seemed to scorn  
The vanities and follies of his race.

I said the Raven was beloved by none ;  
But no, among the elders there was one  
Who often sought him, and the two would walk  
Apart for hours, and converse alone.  
The gossips, marveling much what this might mean,  
Whispered that they at midnight had been seen  
Far from the village, wrapped in secret talk.  
They seemed in truth an ill-assorted brace,  
But Nature oft in Siamese bond unites,  
By some strange tie, the farthest opposites.  
Gray Cloud was oily, plausible, and vain,  
A conjurer with subtle scheming brain ;  
Too corpulent and clumsy for the chase,  
His lodge was still provided with the best,  
And though sometimes but a half welcome guest,  
He took his dish and spoon to every feast.<sup>5</sup>

Priestcraft and leechcraft were combined in him,  
Two trades occult upon which knaves have thriven,  
Almost since man from Paradise was driven ;  
Padding with pompous phrases worn and old  
Their scanty esoteric science dim,  
And gravely selling, at their weight in gold,  
Placebos colored to their patients' whim.  
Man's noblest mission here too oft is made,  
In heathen as in Christian lands, a trade.  
Holy the task to comfort and console  
The tortured body and the sin-sick soul,



But pain and sorrow, even prayer and creed,  
Are turned too oft to instruments of greed.  
The conjurer claimed to bear a mission high :  
Mysterious omens of the earth and sky  
He knew to read ; his medicine could find  
In time of need the buffalo, and bind  
In sleep the senses of the enemy.  
Perhaps not wholly a deliberate cheat,  
And yet dissimulation and deceit  
Oozed from his form obese at every pore.  
Skilled by long practice in the priestly art,  
To chill with superstitious fear the heart,  
And versed in all the legendary lore,  
He knew each herb and root that healing  
bore ;

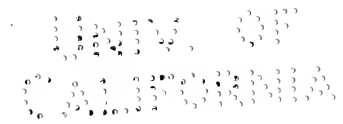
But lest his flock might grow as wise as he,  
Disguised their use with solemn mummary.  
When all the village wrapped in slumber lay,  
His midnight incantations often fell,  
His chant now weirdly rose, now sank away,  
As o'er some dying child he cast his spell.  
And sometimes through his frame strange tremors  
ran—

Magnetic waves, swept from the unknown pole  
Linking the body to the wavering soul ;  
And swifter came his breath, as if to fan  
The feeble life spark, and his finger tips  
Were to the brow of pain like angel lips.  
No wonder if in moments such as these  
He half believed in his own deities,  
And thought his sacred rattle could compel  
The swarming powers unseen to serve him  
well.

The Raven lay one evening in his tent  
With his accustomed crony at his side ;  
Around their heads a graceful aureole  
Of smoke curled upward from the scarlet bowl  
Of Gray Cloud's pipe with willow bark supplied.  
Winona's thrifty mother came and went,  
Her form with household cares and burdens  
    bent,  
Fresh fuel adds, and stirs the boiling pot.  
Meanwhile the young Winona, half reclined,  
Plies her swift needle, that resource refined  
For woman's leisure, whatso'er her lot,  
The kingly palace or the savage cot.



The cronies smoked without a sign or word,  
Passing the pipe sedately to and fro ;  
Only a distant wail of hopeless woe,  
A mother mourning for her child, was heard,  
And Gray Cloud moved, as though the sound had  
    stirred  
Some dusty memory ; still that bitter wail,  
Rachel's despairing cry without avail,  
That beats the brazen firmament in vain,  
Since the first mother wept o'er Abel slain.  
At length the conjurer's lips the silence broke,  
Softly at first as to himself he spoke,  
Till warmed by his own swarming fancies' brood  
He poured the strain almost in numbers rude.





"WHERE THROUGH 'A LAKE' THE MISSISSIPPI FLOWS."

THE COMBAT BETWEEN THE THUNDER-BIRDS  
AND THE WATER-DEMONS.

Gray Cloud shall not be as other men,  
Dull clods that move and breathe a day or two,  
Ere other clods shall bury them from view.  
Tempest and sky have been my home, and when  
I pass from earth I shall find welcome there.  
Sons of the Thunder-Bird my playmates were,  
Ages ago <sup>6</sup> (the tallest oak to-day  
In all the land was but a grass blade then).  
Reared with such brethren, breathing such an air,  
My spirit grew as tall and bold as they;  
We tossed the ball and flushed the noble prey  
O'er happy plains from human footsteps far;  
And when our high chief's voice to arm for war  
Rang out in tones that rent the morning sky,  
None of the band exulted more than I.

A god might gaze and tremble at the sight  
Of our array that turned the day to night;  
With bow and shield and flame-tipped arrows all,  
Rushing together at our leader's call,  
Like storm clouds sweeping round a mountain  
height.

The lofty cliffs our warlike muster saw,  
Hard by the village of great Wabashaw,<sup>7</sup>  
Where through a lake the Mississippi flows;  
Far o'er the dwelling of our ancient foes,  
The hated Water-Demon <sup>8</sup> and his sons,  
Cold, dark and deep the sluggish current runs.

Up from their caverns swarming, when they heard  
The rolling signal of the Thunder-Bird,

The Water-Demon and his sons arose,  
And answered back the challenge of their foes.  
With horns tumultuous clashing like a herd  
Of warring elks that struggle for the does,  
They lashed the wave to clouds of spray and foam,  
Through which their forms uncouth, like buffaloes  
Seen dimly through a morning mist, did loom,  
Or isles at twilight rising from the shore.

Though we were thirty, they at least fourscore,  
We rushed upon them, and a midnight pall  
Over the seething lake our pinions spread,  
'Neath which our gleaming arrows thickly sped,  
As shooting stars that in the rice-moon fall.  
Rent by our beating wings the cloud-waves swung  
In eddies round us, and our leader's roar  
Smote peal on peal, and from their bases flung  
The rocks that towered along the trembling shore.

A Thunder-Bird—alas, my chosen friend,  
But even so a warrior's life should end,—  
A Thunder-Bird was stricken; his bright beak,  
Cleaving the tumult like a lightning streak,  
Smote with a fiery hiss the watery plain;  
His upturned breast, where gleamed one fleck of  
red,

His sable wings, one moment wide outspread,  
Blackened the whirlpool o'er his sinking head.

The Water-Demon's sons by scores were slain  
By our swift arrows falling like the rain;  
With yells of rage they sank beneath the wave  
That ran all redly now, but could not save.

We asked not mercy, mercy never gave ;  
Our flaming darts lit up the farthest cave,  
Fathoms below the reach of deepest line ;  
Our cruel spears, taller than mountain pine,  
Mingled their life blood with the ruddy wave.

The combat ceased, the Thunder-Birds had won.  
The Water-Demon with one favorite son  
Fled from the carnage and escaped our wrath.  
The vapors, thinly curling from the shore,  
Faint musky odors to our nostrils bore.  
The air was stilled, the silence of the dead ;  
The sun, just starting on his downward path,  
A rosy mantle o'er the prairie shed,  
Save where, like vultures, ominous and still,  
We clustered close, on sullen wings outspread ;  
And sometimes, with a momentary chill,  
A giant shadow swept o'er plain and hill,—  
A Thunder-Bird careering overhead,  
Seeking the track by which the foe had fled.

While thus we hovered motionless, the sun  
Adown the west his punctual course had run,  
When lo, two shining points far up the stream  
That split the prairie with a silver seam,—  
The fleeing Water-Demon and his son ;  
Like icicles they glittered in the beam  
Still struggling up from the horizon's rim.  
His sleeping anger kindled at the sight,  
Our leader's eyes glowed like a flaming brand.  
Thrilled by one impulse, all our sable band  
Dove through the gathering shadows of the night  
On wings outshaken for a headlong flight.

Anger, revenge, but more than all the thirst,  
The glorious emulation to be first,  
Stung me like fire, and filled each quivering plume.  
With tenfold speed our sharp beaks cleft the gloom,  
A swarm of arrows singing to the mark,  
We hissed to pierce the foe ere yet 'twas dark.

Still up the stream the Water-Demons fled,  
Their bodies glowed like fox-fire far ahead ;  
But every moment saw the distance close  
Between our thirsty spear-heads and our foes.  
Louder the blast our buzzing pinions made  
Than mighty forest in a whirlwind swayed ;  
The giant cliffs of Redwing speeding back,  
Like specters melting from a cloudy wrack,  
Melted from view in our dissolving track.  
Kaposia's village, clustered on the shore,  
With sound of snapping poles and tipis riven,  
Vanished like swan's-down by a tempest driven.  
Stung by our flight, the keen air smote us sore  
As ragged hailstones ; on, still on, we strained,  
And fast and faster on the chase we gained,  
But neck and neck the fierce pursuit remained,  
Till close ahead we saw the rocky walls  
O'er which the mighty river plunging falls,<sup>9</sup>  
And at their base the Water-Demons lay :  
The panting chase at last had turned to bay.  
Then thrilled my nerves with more than mortal  
strength ;  
A breath of Deity was in the burst  
That bore me out a goodly lance's length  
To meet the Water-Demon's son accurst.  
His evil horn clanged hollow on my shield

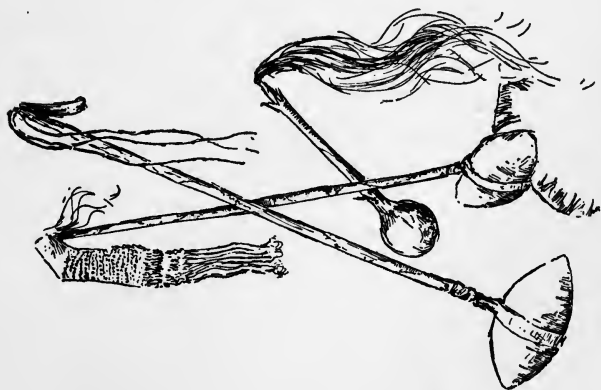


Just as my spear transfix'd him through and  
through ;

A moment towering o'er the foam he reeled,  
Then sank beneath the roaring falls from view.

A dying yell that haunts me yet he gave,  
And as he fell the crippled water coiled  
About him like a wounded snake, and boiled,  
Lashing itself to madness o'er his grave.

We knew not where the parent Demon fled ;  
None of our spears might pierce his ancient mail,  
Welded with skill demoniac scale on scale.  
Some watery realm he wanders, and 'tis said  
That he is changed and bears a brighter form,  
And goodly sons again about him swarm ;  
And peace, 'tis but a hollow truce I know,  
Now reigns between him and his ancient foe.  
He hates me still, and fain would do me harm,  
But neither man nor demon dares offend,  
Who hath the cruel Thunder-Bird for friend.



## PART II.

NATURE hath her *élite* in every land,  
Sealed by her signet, felt although unseen.  
Winona 'mid her fellows moved a queen,  
And scarce a youthful beau in all the band  
But sighed in secret longing for her hand.  
One only she distinguished o'er the rest,  
The latest aspirant for martial fame,  
Redstar, a youth whose coup-stick like his name  
(Till recently he had been plain Chaské)<sup>10</sup>  
Was new, fresh plucked the feathers on his crest.  
Just what the feats on which he based his claim  
To warlike glory it were hard to say ;  
He ne'er had seen more than one trivial fray,  
But bold assurance sometimes wins the day.  
Winona gave him generous credit, too,  
For all the gallant deeds he meant to do.  
His gay, barbaric dress, his lofty air  
Enmeshed her in a sweet bewildering snare.  
Transfigured by the light of her own passion,  
She saw Chaské in much the usual fashion  
Of fairer maids, who love, or think they do.  
'Tis not the man they love, but what he seems ;  
A bright Hyperion, moving stately through  
The rosy ether of exalted dreams.

Alas ! that love, the purest and most real,  
Clusters forever round some form ideal ;  
And martial things have some strange necromancy  
To captivate romantic maiden fancy.  
The very word " Lieutenant " hath a charm,  
E'en coupled with a vulgar face and form,  
A shriveled heart and microscopic wit,  
Scarce for a coachman or a barber fit ;  
His untried sword, his title, are to her  
Better than genius, wealth, or high renown ;  
His uniform is sweeter than the gown  
Of an Episcopalian minister ;  
And " dash," for swagger but a synonym,  
Is knightly grace and chivalry with him.

Unnoted young Winona's passion grew,  
Chaské alone the tender secret knew ;  
And he, too selfish love like hers to know,  
Warmed by her presence to a transient glow,  
Her silent homage drank as 'twere his due.  
Winona asked no more though madly fond,  
Nor hardly dreamed as yet of closer bond ;  
But chance, or Providence, or iron Fate  
(Call it what name you will), or soon or late,  
Bends to its purpose every human will,  
And brings to each its destined good or ill.

#### THE GROVE.

O'erlooking Minnetonka's shore,  
A grove enchanted lured of yore,  
Lured to their deepest woe and joy,  
A happy maiden and careless boy ;

Lured their feet to its inmost core,  
Where like snowy maidens the aspen trees  
Swayed and beckoned in the breeze,  
While the prairie grass, like rippling seas,  
Faintly murmuring lulling hymns,  
Rippled about their gleaming limbs.

There is no such charm in a garden-close,  
However fair its bower and rose,  
As a place where the wild and free rejoice.  
Nor doth the storied and ivied arch  
Woo the heart with half so sweet a voice  
As the bowering arms of the wild-wood larch,  
Where the clematis and wild woodbine  
Festoon the flowering eglantine ;  
Where in every flower, shrub, and tree  
Is heard the hum of the honey-bee,  
And the linden blossoms are softly stirred,  
As the fanning wings of the humming-bird  
Scatter a perfume of pollen dust,  
That mounts to the kindling soul like must ;  
Where the turtles each spring their loves renew—  
The old, old story, “coo-roo, coo-roo,”  
Mingles with the wooing note  
That bubbles from the song-bird's throat ;  
Where on waves of rosy light at play,  
Mingle a thousand airy minions,  
And drifting as on a golden bay,  
The butterfly with his petal pinions,  
From isle to isle of his fair dominions  
Floats with the languid tides away ;  
Where the squirrel and rabbit shyly mate,  
And none so timid but finds her fate ;

The meek hen-robin upon the nest  
Thrills to her lover's flaming breast.  
Youth, Love, and Life, 'mid scenes like this,  
Go to the same sweet tune of bliss ;  
E'en the flaming flowers of passion seem  
Pure as the lily buds that dream  
On the bosom of a mountain stream.

Such was the grove that lured of yore,  
O'erlooking Minnetonka's shore,  
Lured to their deepest woe and joy  
A happy maiden and careless boy,—  
Lured their feet to its inmost core ;  
Where still mysterious shadows slept,  
While the plenilune from her path above  
With liquid amber bathed the grove,  
That through the tree-tops trickling crept,  
And every tender alley swept.  
The happy maiden and careless boy,  
Caught for a moment their deepest joy,  
And the iris hues of Youth and Love,  
A tender glamour about them wove ;  
But the trembling shadows the aspens cast  
From the maiden's spirit never passed ;  
And the nectar was poisoned that thrilled and filled,  
From every treacherous leaf distilled,  
Her veins that night with a strange alloy.

Swift came the hour that maid and boy must part ;  
A glow unwonted, tinged with dusky red  
Winona's conscious face as home she sped ;  
And to the song exultant in her heart,  
Beat her light moccasins with rhythmic tread.

But at the summit of a little hill,  
Along whose base the village lay outspread,  
A sudden sense of some impending ill  
Smote the sweet fever in her veins with chill.  
The lake she skirted, on whose mailèd breast  
Rode like a shield the moon from out the west,  
She neared her lodge, but there her quick eye  
    caught  
The voice of Gray Cloud, and her steps were stayed,  
For over her of late an icy fear  
Brooded with vulture wings when he was near.

She knew not why, her eye he never sought,  
Nor deigned to speak, and yet she felt dismayed  
At thought of him, as the mimosa's leaf  
Before the fingers touch it shrinks with dread.  
She paused a moment, then with furtive tread  
Close to the tipi glided like a thief;  
With lips apart, and eager bended head,  
She listened there to what the conjurer said.

His voice, low, musical, recounted o'er  
Strange tales of days when other forms he wore:  
How, far above the highest airy plain  
Where soars and sings the weird, fantastic crane,  
Wafted like thistle-down he strayed at will,  
With power almost supreme for good or ill,  
Over all lands and nations near and far,  
Beyond the seas, or 'neath the northern star,  
And long had pondered where were best to dwell  
When he should deign a human shape to wear.  
"Whether to be of them that buy and sell,  
With fish-scale eyes, and yellow corn-silk hair,

Or with the stone-men chase the giant game.  
But wander where you may, no land can claim  
A sky so fair as ours ; the sun each day  
Circles the earth with glaring eye, but sees  
No lakes or plains so beautiful as these ;  
Nor e'er hath trod or shall upon the earth  
A race like ours of true Dakota birth.  
Our chiefs and sages, who so wise as they  
To counsel or to lead in peace or war,  
And heal the sick by deep mysterious law.  
Our beauteous warriors, lithe of limb and strong,  
Fierce to avenge their own and others' wrong,  
What gasping terror smites their battle song  
When, night-birds gathering near the dawn of  
day,

Or wolves in chorus ravening for the prey,  
They burst upon the sleeping Chippeway ; <sup>11</sup>  
Their women wail whose hated fingers dare  
To reap the harvest of our midnight hair ;  
Swifter than eagles, as a panther fleet,  
A hungry panther seeking for his meat,  
So swift and noiseless their avenging feet.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dakota matrons truest are and best,  
Dakota maidens too are loveliest."

He ceased, and soon, departing through the night,  
She watched his burly form till out of sight.  
And then the Raven spoke in whispers low :  
" Gray Cloud demands our daughter's hand, and  
she  
Unto his tipi very soon must go."

Winona's mother sought to make reply,  
But something checked her in his tone or eye.  
Again the Raven spoke, imperiously :  
" Winona is of proper age to wed ;  
Her suitor suits me, let no more be said."

Winona heard no more ; a rising wave  
Of mingled indignation, fear, and shame  
Like a resistless tempest shook her frame,  
The earth swam round her, and her senses reeled ;  
Better for her a thousand times the grave  
Than life in Gray Cloud's tent, but what could she  
Against the stern, implacable decree  
Of one whose will was never known to yield ?

Winona fled, scarce knowing where or how ;  
Fled like a phantom through the moonlight cool,  
Until she stood upon the rocky brow  
That overlooked a deep sequestered pool,  
Where slumbering in a grove-encircled bay  
Lake Minnetonka's purest waters lay.  
Unto the brink she rushed, but faltered there—  
Life to the young is sweet ; in vain her eye  
Swept for a moment grove and wave and sky  
With mute appeal. But see, two white swans fair  
Gleamed from the shadows that o'erhung the  
shore,

Like moons emerging from a sable screen ;  
Swimming abreast, what haughty king and queen,  
With arching necks their regal course they bore.  
Winona marveled at the unwonted sight  
Of white swans swimming there at dead of night,  
Her frenzy half beguiling with the scene.



Unearthly heralds sure, for in their wake  
What ruddy furrows seamed the placid lake.  
Almost beneath her feet they came, so near  
She might have tossed a pebble on their backs,  
When lo, their long necks pierced the waters clear,  
As down they dove, two shafts of purest light,  
And chasing fast on their descending tracks,  
A swarm of spirals luminous and white,  
Swirled to the gloom of nether depths from sight.

Then all was still for some few moments' space,  
So smooth the pool, so vanished every trace,  
It seemed that surely the fantastic pair  
Had been but snowy phantoms passing there.  
Winona hardly hoped to see them rise,  
But while she gazed with half-expectant eyes,  
The waters strangely quivered in a place  
About the bigness of a tipi's space,  
Where weirdly lighting up the hollow wave  
Beat a deep-glowing heart, whose pulsing ray  
Now faded to a rosy flush away,  
Now filled with fiery glare the farthest cave.  
A shapeless bulk arose, then, taking form,  
Bloomed forth upon the bosom of the lake  
A crystal rose, or hillock mammiform,  
And round its base the curling foam did break  
As round a sunny islet in a storm;  
And on it poised a swiftly changing form,  
With filmy mantle falling musical,  
And colors of the floating bubble's ball,  
Fair and elusive as the sprites that play,  
Bright children of the sun-illumined spray,  
'Mid rainbows of a mountain waterfall.

Then mingling with the falling waters came  
In whispers sibilant Winona's name ;  
So indistinct and low that voice intense,  
That she, half frightened, cowering in the grass  
In much bewilderment at what did pass,  
Till thrice repeated noted not its sense.

She rose, and on the very brink defined,  
Against the sky in silhouette outlined,  
Erect before the Water-Demon stood.  
Again those accents weird her wonder stirred,  
And this is what the listening maiden heard :  
"Thy fate, Winona, hangs on thine own choice  
To scorn or heed the Water-Demon's voice.  
Gone are thy pleasant days of maidenhood,  
And evil hours draw nigh, but knowest thou not,  
That what thou fleest is the common lot  
Of all thy sisters? Thou must be the bride  
Of one thou lovest not, must toil for him,  
Watch for his coming, and endure his whim ;  
Must share his tent, and lying at his side  
Weep for another till thine eyes grow dim.  
And he, so fondly loved, will pass thee by  
Indifferent with cold averted eye ;  
E'en he, whose wanton hands and hated arms  
Have crushed the fair flower of thy maidenhood,  
Will weary of thy swiftly-fading charms,  
And seek another when thy beauty wanes.  
Aha, thou shudderest ; in thy tense veins,  
Fierce and rebellious, leaps the mingling blood  
Of countless warriors, high of soul and brave ;  
And would'st thou quench their spirit 'neath the  
wave ?

Is Gray Cloud's life more dear to thee than thine ?  
The village sleeps, unguarded is his tent,  
Thy knife is keen, and unto thee is lent  
A spell to-night of potency malign.  
Cradled in blissful dreams alone he lies,  
And he shall stray so deep in sleep's dominions,  
He would not waken though the rushing pinions  
Of his own Thunder-Bird should shake the sky.  
All freedom-loving spirits are with thee,  
Strike hard and fear not as thou would'st be free ;  
Lest thine own hatred prove too weak a charm,  
The Water-Demon's hate shall nerve thine arm."

The Water-Demon sank and disappeared,  
And faint and fainter fell those accents weird,  
Until the air was silent as the grave,  
Still as December's crystal seal the wave.  
Homeward again Winona took her way.  
How changed in one short hour ! no longer now  
The song-birds singing at her heart, but there  
A thousand gnashing furies made their lair,  
And urged her on ; her nearest pathway lay  
Over a little hill, and on its brow  
A group of trees, whereof each blackened bough  
Bore up to heaven as if in protest mute  
Its clustering load of ghastly charnel fruit,<sup>12</sup>  
The swaddled forms of all the village dead—  
Maid, lusty warrior, and toothless hag,  
The infant and the conjurer with his bag,  
Peacefully rotting in their airy bed.  
As on a battle plain she saw them lie,  
Fouling the fairness of the moonlit sky ;

And heavily there flapped above her head,  
Some floating drapery or tress of hair,  
Loading with pestilential breath the air  
That fanned her temples, or the reeking wing  
Of unclean bird obscenely hovering;  
And something crossed her path that halting nigh,  
At the intruder glared with evil eye,—  
She hardly heeded passing swiftly by.

Leaving behind that hideous umbrage fast,  
What wraith escaping from its tenement,  
Winona through the sleeping village passed,  
And pausing not, to Gray Cloud's tipi went,  
Laid back the door, and with a stealthy tread,  
Entered and softly crouched beside his head.  
Her gaze that seemed to pierce his inmost thought,  
Keen as the ready knife her hand had sought,  
And through the open door the slant moonbeams  
Smiting the sleeper's face awaked him not.  
He vaguely muttered in his wandering dreams  
Of "medicine," and of the Thunder-Bird.  
As if to go, her knife she half returned;  
Whether her woman's heart with pity stirred,  
Or superstitious awe, she slightly turned,  
But gazing still, over his features came  
The semblance of a smile, and his arms moved,  
Clasping in rosy dreams some form beloved,  
And his lips moved, and though no sound she  
heard,  
She thought they shaped her name, and a red flame  
Leaped to her brain, and through her vision passed;

A raging demon seized and filled her frame,  
And like a lightning flash leaped forth her knife:  
That cold keen heart-pang is his last of life;  
The Water-Demon is avenged at last.

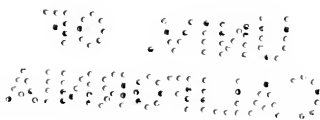


## PART III.

SHE struck but once, no need hath lightning stroke  
For second blow to rend the heart of oak,  
Nor waited there to see how Gray Cloud died ;  
Her fury all in that fierce outburst spent,  
As from a charnel cave she fled the tent ;  
The wolfish dog suspiciously outside  
Sniffed at her moccasins but let her pass.  
Her tipi soon she reached, distant no more  
Than arrow from a warrior's bowstring sent,  
Paused but to wipe her knife upon the grass,  
And found her usual couch upon the floor.  
But not to sleep ; she closed her eyes in vain,  
Shutting away the moonlight from her view ;  
Darkness and moonlight wore the same dread  
hue,  
Flooding the universe with crimson stain.  
She clasped her bosom with her hands to still  
The throbbing of her heart that seemed to fill  
With tell-tale echoes all the air ; an owl  
The secret with unearthly shrieks confessed,  
And Gray Cloud's dog sent forth a doleful howl  
At intervals ; but worse than all the rest,  
That dreadful drum still beating in her breast,  
As furious war-drums in the scalp-dance beat  
To the mad circling of delirious feet.



"THE GIANT CLIFFS OF RED-WING SPREADING BACK."





Early next morning, as the first faint rays  
Of sunlight through the rustling lindens played,  
Two children sent to seek the conjurer's aid,  
Gazed on the sight, with horror and amaze,  
Of Gray Cloud's lifeless body rolled in blood.  
Fast through the village spread the news, and  
stirred

With mingled fear and wonder all who heard.  
The oracles were baffled and dismayed,  
And spoke with muffled tones and looks of dread :  
"Some envious foeman lurking in the wood,  
With medicine more strong than his," they said,  
"Stole in last night and gave the fatal wound."  
The warriors scoured the country miles around,  
Seeking for sign or trail, but naught they found :  
The murderer left behind no clue or trace  
More than a vampire's flight through darkling  
space.

The Raven with a stoic calmness heard  
Of Gray Cloud's death, nor showed by look or  
word

The wrath that to its depth his being stirred.  
Winona heard the news with false surprise,  
As if just roused from sleep she rubbed her eyes ;  
When she arose her knees like aspens shook,  
But this she quelled and forced a tranquil look  
To feign the calmness that her soul forsook.  
And when the mourning wail rose on the air,  
Winona's voice was heard commingling there.  
She gathered with the other maidens where,  
On a rude bier, the conjurer's body lay  
Adorned and decked in funeral array.

She flung a handful of her sable hair,  
And wept such tears above the painted clay<sup>13</sup>  
As weeps a youthful widow, only heir,  
Over the coffin of a millionaire.

Moons waxed to fullness and to sickles waned.  
The gossips still conversed with bated breath.  
The appalling mystery of Gray Cloud's death,  
Wrapped in impenetrable gloom, remained  
A blighting shadow o'er the village spread.  
But youthful spirits are invincible,  
Nor fear nor superstition long can quell  
The bubbling flow of that perennial well ;  
And so the youths and maidens soon regained  
The wonted gayety that late had fled.  
All save Winona, in whose face and mien,  
Unto the careless eye, no change was seen ;  
But one that noted might sometimes espy  
A furtive fear that shot across her eye,  
As in a forest, 'thwart some bit of blue,  
Darts a rare bird that shuns the hunter's view.  
Her laugh, though gay, a subtle change confessed,  
And in her attitude a vague unrest  
Betrayed a world of feelings unexpressed.  
A shade less light her footsteps in the dance,  
And sometimes now the Raven's curious glance  
Her soul with terrors new and strange oppressed.

Grief shared is lighter, none had she to share  
Burdens that grew almost too great to bear,  
For Redstar sometimes seemed to look askance,  
And sought, they said, to win another breast.  
Winona feigned to laugh, but in her heart

The rumor rankled like a poisoned dart.  
Sometimes she almost thought the Raven guessed  
The guilty secrets that her thoughts oppressed,  
And sought, whene'er she could, to shun his sight.  
Apart from human kind, still more and more,  
The Raven dwelt, and human speech forbore.  
And once upon a wild tempestuous night,  
When all the demons of the earth and air  
Like raging furies were embattled there,  
She, peering fearfully, amid the swarm  
Flitting athwart the flashes of the storm,  
By fitful gleams beheld the Raven's form.  
To her he spoke not since the fateful night  
His chosen comrade passed from human sight,  
Save only once, forgetting he was by  
And half forgetting too her care and woes,  
Unto her lips some idle jest arose.  
"Winona," said the Raven, in a tone  
Of stern reproof that on the instant froze  
All thought of mirth, and when she met his eye,  
As by a serpent's charm it fixed her own;  
The hate and anger of a soul intense  
Were all compressed in that remorseless glance,  
The coldly cruel meaning of whose sense  
Smote down the shield of her false innocence.  
She strove to wrest her eye from his in vain,  
Held by that gaze ophidian like a bird,  
As in a trance she neither breathed nor stirred.  
And gazing thus an icy little lance,  
Smaller than quill from wing of humming-bird,  
Shot from his eyes, and a keen stinging pain  
Sped through the open windows of her brain.  
Her senses failed, she sank upon the ground,

And darkness veiled her eyes ; she never knew  
How long this was, but when she slowly grew  
Back from death's counterfeit, and looked around,  
So little change was there, that it might seem  
The scene had been but a disordered dream.

The Raven sat in his accustomed place,  
Smoking his solitary pipe ; his face,  
A gloomy mask that none might penetrate,  
Betrayed no sign of anger, grief, or hate ;  
Absorbed so deep in thoughts that none might  
share,

He noted not Winona's presence there ;  
From his disdainful lips the thin blue smoke  
From time to time in little spirals broke,  
Floating like languid sneers upon the air,  
And settling round him in a veil of blue  
So sinister to her disordered view,  
That she arose and quickly stole away.  
She shunned him more than ever from that day,  
And never more unmoved could she behold  
That countenance inscrutable and cold.

But Hope and Love, like Indian summer's glow,  
Gilding the prairies ere December's snow,  
Lit with a transient beam Winona's eye.  
The season for the Maidens' Dance drew nigh,  
And Redstar vowed, whatever might betide,  
To claim her on the morrow as his bride.  
What now to her was all the world beside ?  
The evil omens darkening all her sky,  
Malicious sneers, her rival's envious eye,  
While her false lover lingered at her side,  
All passed like thistle-down unheeded by.

The evening for the dance arrived at last ;  
An ancient crier through the village passed,  
And summoned all the maidens to repair  
To the appointed place, a greensward where,  
Since last year unprofaned by human feet,  
Rustled the prairie grass and flowers sweet.  
None but the true and pure might enter there—  
Maidens whose souls unspotted had been kept.  
At set of sun the circle there was formed,  
And thitherward the happy maidens swarmed.  
The people gathered round to view the scene :  
Old men in brodered robes that trailing swept,  
And youths in all their finery arrayed,  
Dotting like tropic birds the prairie green,  
Their rival graces to the throng displayed.  
Winona came the last, but as she stept  
Into the mystic ring one word, "Beware !"   
Rang out in such a tone of high command  
That all was still, and every look was turned  
To where the Raven stood ; his stern eye burned,  
And like a flower beneath that withering glare  
She faded fast. No need that heavy hand  
To lead Winona from the joyous band ;  
No need those shameful words that stained the  
air :

"Let not the sacred circle be defiled  
By one who, all too easily beguiled,  
Beneath her bosom bears a warrior's child."

Winona swiftly fleeing, as she passed,  
One look upon her shrinking lover cast  
That seared his coward heart for many a day,  
Into the deepest woods she took her way.

The dance was soon resumed, and as she fled,  
Like hollow laughter chasing overhead,  
Pursued the music and the maidens' song.  
Just as she passed from sight an angry eye  
Glared for a moment from the western sky,  
And flung one quivering shaft of dazzling white,  
With tenfold thunder-peal, adown the night.  
Her mother followed her, and sought her long,  
Calling and listening through the falling dew,  
While fast and furious still the cadence grew  
Of the gay dance, whose distant music fell,  
Smiting the mother like a funeral knell.  
High rode the sun in heaven next day before  
The stricken mother found along the shore  
The object of her unremitting quest.  
The cooling wave whereon she lay at rest  
Had stilled the tumult of Winona's breast  
Along that shapely ruin's plastic grace,  
And in the parting of her braided hair,  
The hopeless mother's glances searching there  
The Thunder-Bird's mysterious mark might trace.

So died Winona, and let all beware,  
For vengeance follows fast and will not spare,  
Nor maid, nor warrior that dares offend  
Who hath the cruel Thunder-Bird for friend.



OUTWARD swell the rolling prairies  
like the waves of ocean deep ;  
Higher rise the crested billows rolling upward as  
they sweep  
From horizon to horizon, and the air grows pure  
and free,  
“On the mountains of the prairie,” on the wind-  
swept emerald sea.

As in olden time the zealots who would build unto  
their God,  
Sacred temples for his worship, chose a “high  
place,” and the sod  
Of the consecrated mountain was made holy by  
the rites

Of footsore and weary pilgrims who had sought  
the sacred heights,  
So instinctively the red-men, roaming o'er the  
boundless main,  
Looked for their Manitou above the low level of  
the plain ;  
Sought and found him on the summit of the green  
wave's swelling crest  
Rising upward like a mountain, in the valley of  
the West.

Not to him they founded temples, gilded fanes and  
altars fair ;  
Looking up, they saw already Manitou enthronèd  
there  
In the fastness of the mountain, with his sphynx-  
like, stony face  
Watching like a guardian spirit, o'er the dusky  
lawless race  
Who regarded not each other, and their deadly  
hatred slaked  
In the blood of friends and foemen, when their  
slumbering ire was waked.

“ Gitche Manitou, the Mighty,” the Great Spirit  
throned above,  
Was a God of truth and wisdom, was a God of  
peace and love ;  
And as God upon Mount Sinai, stooping from his  
heavenly throne,  
Gave the law unto his people, deeply graven into  
*stone,*



“Gitche Manitou, the Mighty,” in compassion for  
the race  
Of unlettered, untaught heathen who knew not  
his god-like face  
Save they saw it in the tempest or the light-  
ning’s livid glare,  
Or in some familiar emblem they could see, or feel,  
or wear,  
Taught them peace and love to kindred, through  
an emblem formed of stone,  
Fashioned in the well-known outlines of a thing  
they called their own.  
In the caverns of his store-house, deeply sunken in  
the ground,  
Lay the mystical red pipe-stone, never yet by  
sachem found.  
With his strong right hand almighty, rent he now  
the ground in twain,  
Broke the red stone of the quarry, and, resounding  
o’er the plain,  
Came this message to the warriors :—“ Let this be  
to you a sign :  
Make you calumets of pipe-stone, pledge you peace  
and love divine,  
By the smoking of this signet. Let it pass from  
hand to hand.  
Cease you from your wars and wrangling, and be  
brothers in the land.”

The Great Spirit’s words were heeded, and the  
calumet, the pipe  
Which they often smoked together in their coun-  
cils, was the type

Of good-will and peace thereafter, and upon the  
quarry's site,  
Hostile tribes and tongues and races meeting,  
never meet to fight.

Many legends and traditions cluster round this  
sacred spot ;  
Many histories and records deep with hidden  
meaning fraught,  
Have been chiseled on the ledges at the ancient  
boulders' base,  
Who, like strangers in the valley, drifted to a rest-  
ing place.



Here, ere Manitou had given to the tribes the pipe  
of peace,  
Saw he mighty war and bloodshed, saw the tribes  
of men decrease,  
Until fleeing from destruction, come three maidens  
to the rocks—  
The last remnant of all women, hiding from the  
fearful shocks

Of the deadly fight and carnage which was raging  
through the air,

Driven to these three large bowlders, as a refuge in  
despair.

Now in memory of the conflict and the part the  
bowlders bore,

They are named in weird tradition, "The Three  
Maidens," evermore.

Here the thunder-bird portentous, Wakan, terrible  
in might,



Made his home in awful  
grandeur on  
the cliff's mysterious  
height.

Here the flapping of his pinions brought the fierce,  
hot lightning's glare,

Glazing all the fissured surface like enamel smooth  
and fair ;

Melting all the red rock's substance till a foot-  
print of the bird,

Plastic then, took form and hardened for a witness  
of the word.



*Falls of Winnewissa.*

Northward, just beyond the quarry, stands the  
famous "Leaping Rock,"  
With its proud head reared to heaven, with an air  
that seems to mock  
And to set at stern defiance, boastful braves who  
seek for fame,  
And from agile feats to gather for themselves an  
envied name.  
Hither came to try his daring, with brave heart to  
valor nerved,  
Hopefully a young Sioux chieftain, never from his  
purpose swerved,  
Came in all his youthful vigor, with his band of  
stalwart braves,  
From the land of the Dakotas; zealously his spirit  
craves  
To lead them all in bravery as he oft before has  
led,  
And the plumes of the war eagle proudly waving  
on his head,  
To wear in boastful triumph on the far-famed  
treacherous height,  
And in his tribe's traditions, thus his envied name  
to write.

Fearlessly he stands a moment on the overhanging  
edge  
Of the nearest cliff's high summit, eyes the small  
and slippery ledge  
Just beyond the yawning chasm which his daring  
feet must leap;  
Stands there bold and free and fearless, taking in-  
ward at a sweep

All the fearful odds and chances, the deep chasm  
he must cross—

Calculates with hope of winning, never with a  
fear of loss.

High above him arch the heavens; deep below  
him yawns the gulf;

In his ears the cataract thunders, and before him  
stands the rough,

Towering rock with air defiant, standing mocking,  
beckoning there.

With a fixed resolve and purpose, he leaps upward  
in the air—

Leaps, but not as he had counted, for his feet  
touch not the goal,

But his body plunges downward, and the young  
Sioux warrior's soul,

Rising upward through the ether, seeks the happy  
hunting ground

Just as anxious friends and kindred gather hastily  
around,

Dropping tears unto his memory and with slow and  
measured tread,

Bear away the bold young chieftain, to the man-  
sions of the dead.

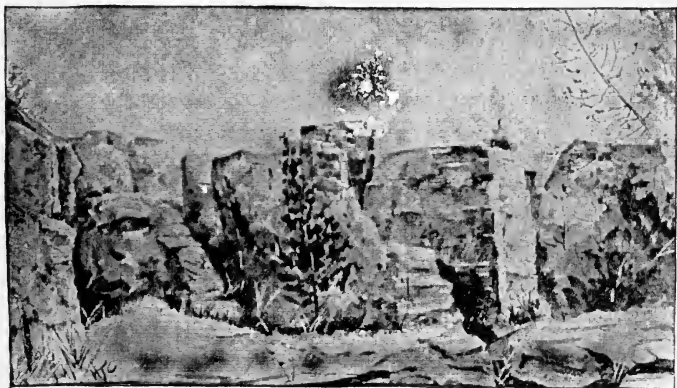
Fear the falls of Winnewissa sweetly wooing to  
repose

With its murmurous plash of waters perfume-laden  
of the rose,

'Neath the soil which once *his* kindred claimed and  
lived in until we

Rising eastward like a storm-cloud, swept the land  
from sea to sea.

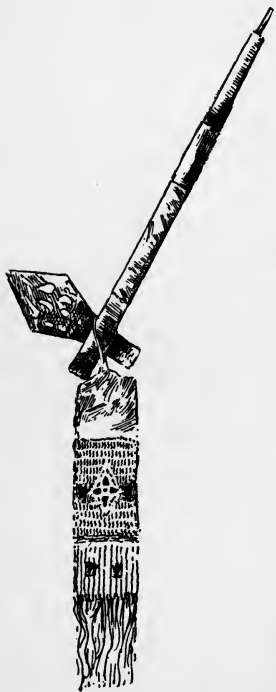
Sleepeth well the brave young warrior in this  
legend-hallowed ground,  
The long sleep that knows no waking till the com-  
mon trump shall sound.  
Still the Indian camp-fires glimmer round the sacred  
quarry's edge,  
And the calumet, the peace-pipe, is to them a  
friendly pledge :  
And the doubting pale-face dwelling near the blood-  
red mystic stone,  
Feels around him peace and safety like Elijah's  
mantle thrown.



Long may Manitou, the mighty, the Great Spirit  
throned above,  
Smile upon his helpless children, fill their lives with  
peace and love ;  
And at last, in the great council, at the bidding  
of his voice,  
May they meet to smoke the peace-pipe with the  
people of his choice.

# The Song of Hiawatha.

## THE PEACE-PIPE.



ON the Mountains of the  
Prairie,<sup>1</sup>

On the-great Red Pipe-stone  
Quarry,<sup>2</sup>

Gitche Manito, the mighty,  
He the Master of Life, de-  
scending,

On the red crags of the  
quarry

Stood erect, and called the  
nations,

Called the tribes of men to-  
gether.

From his footprints flowed  
a river,

Leaped into the light of  
morning,

O'er the precipice plunging  
downward

Gleamed like Ishkoodah,  
the comet.

And the Spirit, stooping  
earthward,



With his finger on the meadow  
Traced a winding pathway for it,  
Saying to it, "Run in this way!"

From the red stone of the quarry  
With his hand he broke a fragment,  
Molded it into a pipe-head,  
Shaped and fashioned it with figures;  
From the margin of the river  
Took a long reed for a pipe-stem,  
With its dark green leaves upon it;  
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,  
With the bark of the red willow;  
Breathed upon the neighboring forest,  
Made its great boughs chafe together,  
Till in flame they burst and kindled;  
And erect upon the mountains,  
Gitche Manito, the mighty,  
Smoked the calumet, the Peace-Pipe,  
As a signal to the nations.

And the smoke rose slowly, slowly,  
Through the tranquil air of morning,  
First a single line of darkness,  
Then a denser, bluer vapor,  
Then a snow-white cloud unfolding,  
Like the tree-tops of the forest,  
Ever rising, rising, rising,  
Till it touched the top of heaven,  
Till it broke against the heaven,  
And rolled outward all around it.

From the Vale of Tawasentha,  
From the Valley of Wyoming,<sup>3</sup>  
From the groves of Tuscaloosa,<sup>4</sup>  
From the far-off Rocky Mountains,

From the Northern lakes and rivers  
All the tribes beheld the signal,  
Saw the distant smoke ascending,  
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe.

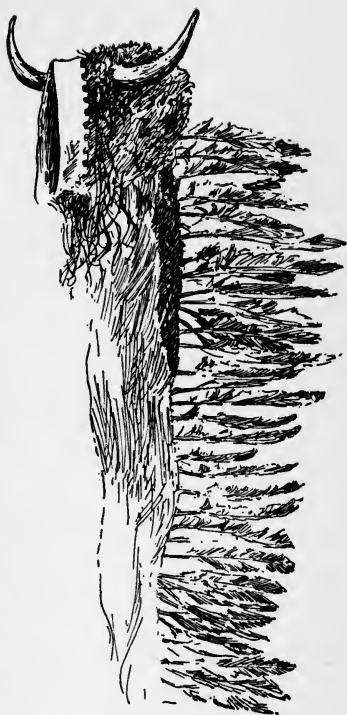
And the Prophets of the nations  
Said : " Behold it, the Pukwana !  
By this signal from afar off,  
Bending like a wand of willow,  
Waving like a hand that beckons,  
Gitche Manito, the mighty,  
Calls the tribes of men together,  
Calls the warriors to his council ! "



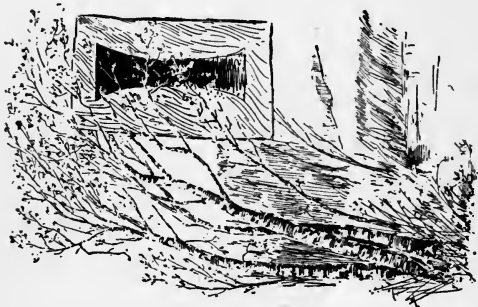
## II.

By the shores of Gitche  
Gumee,  
By the shining Big-Sea-  
Water,  
Stood the wigwam of Nok-  
omis,  
Daughter of the Moon,  
Nokomis  
Dark behind it rose the  
forest,  
Rose the black and gloomy  
pine-trees,  
Rose the firs with cones  
upon them ;  
Bright before it beat the  
water,  
Beat the clear and sunny  
water,  
Beat the shining Big-Sea-  
Water.

There the wrinkled, old  
Nokomis  
Nursed the little Hiawatha,  
Rocked him in his linden cradle,  
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,  
Safely bound with reindeer sinews ;  
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,  
“Hush ! the Naked Bear will hear thee !”



Lulled him into slumber, singing,  
“Ewa-yea! my little owlet!  
Who is this, that lights the wigwam?  
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?  
Ewa-yea! my little owlet!”



## Hiawatha's Wooing.

AT the doorway of his wigwam  
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,  
In the land of the Dacotas,  
Making arrow-heads of jasper,  
Arrow-heads of chalcedony.  
At his side, in all her beauty,  
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,  
Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,  
Plaiting mats of flags and rushes ;  
Of the past the old man's thoughts were,  
And the maiden's of the future.

He was thinking, as he sat there,  
Of the days when with such arrows  
He had struck the deer and bison,  
On the Muskoday, the meadow ;  
Shot the wild goose flying southward,  
On the wing, the clamorous Wawa ;  
Thinking of the great war-parties,  
How they came to buy his arrows,  
Could not fight without his arrows.  
Ah, no more such noble warriors.  
Could be found on earth as they were !  
Now the men were all like women,

Only used their tongues for weapons !

She was thinking of a hunter,  
From another tribe and country,  
Young and tall and very handsome,  
Who one morning, in the Spring-time,  
Came to buy her father's arrows,  
Sat and rested in the wigwam,  
Lingered long about the doorway,  
Looking back as he departed.  
She had heard her father praise him,  
Praise his courage and his wisdom ;  
Would he come again for arrows  
To the Falls of Minnehaha ?  
On the mat her hands lay idle,  
And her eyes were very dreamy.

Through their thoughts they heard a footstep,  
Heard a rustling in the branches,  
And with glowing cheek and forehead,  
With the deer upon his shoulders,  
Suddenly from out the woodlands  
Hiawatha stood before them.

Straight the ancient Arrow-maker  
Looked up gravely from his labor,  
Laid aside the unfinished arrow,  
Bade him enter at the doorway,  
Saying, as he rose to meet him,  
“ Hiawatha, you are welcome ! ”

At the feet of Laughing Water  
Hiawatha laid his burden,  
Threw the red deer from his shoulders ;  
And the maiden looked up at him,  
Looked up from her mat of rushes,  
Said with gentle look and accent,

“ You are welcome, Hiawatha ! ”

Very spacious was the wigwam,  
Made of deer-skin dressed and whitened,  
With the Gods of the Dakotas  
Drawn and painted on its curtains,  
And so tall the doorway, hardly  
Hiawatha stooped to enter,  
Hardly touched his eagle-feathers  
As he entered at the doorway.

Then uprose the Laughing Water,  
From the ground fair Minnehaha,  
Laid aside her mat unfinished,  
Brought forth food and set before them,  
Water brought them from the brooklet,  
Gave them food in earthen vessels,  
Gave them drink in bowls of bass-wood,  
Listened while the guest was speaking,  
Listened while her father answered,  
But not once her lips she opened,  
Not a single word she uttered.

Yes, as in a dream she listened  
To the words of Hiawatha,  
As he talked of old Nokomis,  
Who had nursed him in his childhood.  
As he told of his companions,  
Chibiabos, the musician,  
And the very strong man, Kwasind,  
And of happiness and plenty  
In the land of the Ojibways,  
In the pleasant land and peaceful.

“ After many years of warfare,  
Many years of strife and bloodshed,  
There is peace between the Ojibways

And the tribe of the Dakotas.”  
Thus continued Hiawatha,  
And then added, speaking slowly,  
“That this peace may last forever,  
And our hands be clasped more closely,  
And our hearts be more united,  
Give me as my wife this maiden,  
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,  
Loveliest of Dakota women !”

And the ancient Arrow-maker  
Paused a moment ere he answered,  
Smoked a little while in silence,  
Looked at Hiawatha proudly,  
Fondly looked at Laughing Water,  
And made answer very gravely :  
“Yes, if Minnehaha wishes ;  
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha !”

And the lovely Laughing Water  
Seemed more lovely, as she stood there,  
Neither willing nor reluctant,  
As she went to Hiawatha,  
Softly took the seat beside him,  
While she said, and blushed to say it,  
“I will follow you, my husband !”

This was Hiawatha’s wooing !  
Thus it was he won the daughter  
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,  
In the land of the Dakotas !

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.







THE RIVER LAKE.

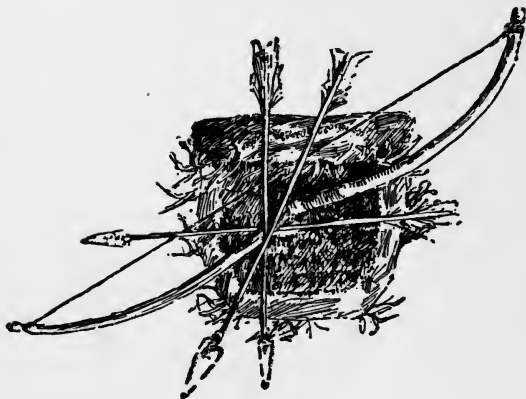
## The River-Lake.

AFTER the cooling shower  
Soft is the twilight hour  
    On the river-lake.  
Sweetly the plaintive note  
Gushes from whippoorwill's throat,  
Gently, gently we float,  
    Light as a fine snow-flake,  
    Down the river-lake.  
The dripping oars at rest  
    Their murmurous music wake,  
And ripple o'er the breast  
    Of the peaceful river-lake.

The lovely shadows fall  
Like a sin-outshutting wall  
    On the river-lake,  
Charming the hour and place.  
The holiness we trace  
In Nature's quiet grace  
    Makes sacred for her sake  
    All on the river-lake.

O this is purest joy !  
This it is that makes  
Me love the wide St. Croix,  
The river-lake of lakes.

E. L. FALES.



## Song of a Nadowessee Chief.

SEE on his mat—as if of yore,  
All life-like sits he here !  
With that same aspect which he wore  
When light to him was dear.

But where the right hand's strength ? and where  
The breath that loved to breathe,  
To the Great Spirit aloft in air,  
The peace-pipe's lusty wreath ?

And where the hawk-like eye, alas !  
That wont the deer pursue,  
Along the waves of rippling grass,  
Or fields that shone with dew ?

Are these the limber, bounding feet  
That swept the winter's snows ?  
What stateliest stag so fast and fleet ?  
Their speed outstripped the roe's !

These arms, that then the steady bow  
Could supple from its pride,  
How stark and helpless hang they now  
Adown the stiffened side !

Yet weal to him—at peace he stays  
Where never fall the snows ;  
Where o'er the meadows springs the maize  
That mortal never sows.

Where birds are blithe on every brake—  
Where forests teem with deer—  
Where glide the fish through every lake—  
One chase from year to year !

With spirits now he feasts above ;  
All left us—to revere  
The deeds we honor with our love,  
The dust we bury here.

Here bring the last gift ! loud and shrill  
Wail, death dirge for the brave !  
What pleased him most in life may still  
Give pleasure in the grave.

We lay the ax beneath his head  
He swung when strength was strong—  
The bear on which his banquets fed—  
The way from earth is long !

And here, new sharpened, place the knife  
That severed from the clay,  
From which the ax had spoiled the life,  
The conquered scalp away !

The paints that deck the dead bestow—  
Yes, place them in his hand—  
That red the kingly shade may glow  
Amid the spirit-land.

SIR. E. L. BULWER.

## **“Mahnusatia.”**

A PINE-GIRT lake, broad spread ; a glimpse  
Of clear-rimmed bay, encroaching lusk  
Upon a lapse of rocky vale ;  
Beyond, a brunt-browed mountain, set  
Abrupt against a weary waste  
Of level, sparse-grown forest plain.  
Vanguard of Order's birth on Earth's  
Primeval stage, sphynx-like, the mount  
From chaos burst upon a world  
Of sea in space. It kept its head  
To the sun ; it pierced the dense of the mists ;  
It gathered forces, one by one,  
Until the land by light was kissed.  
The waters slunk away to Lake  
Superior's bent, leaving a child  
At play, on a plateau's breast, content.  
Marking the march of time, the mount  
Grew grim and gray, while ages stored  
Their riches at its feet away :—  
Ore-of-iron riches deep stowed  
In vaults of rock, for creature king  
Of future age to fit the key  
Of genius in their ancient locks ;

Stowed wealth to bless a nation, whose  
Motto: "Onward! Light!" befits it  
For that mountain's home, which pierced through  
Inchoate night; stowed signet seal,  
With which to stamp that fair land's Queen  
Of States, whose crested monogram,  
With sheaves of wheat entwined, the North  
Star scintillates.

Guarding the till

Of treasure, mountain, grim and gray,  
Playing with wind and wave, child-lough  
And lazy bay—Archaic group  
Are they, whose quiet naught details  
Of primal epochs; yet, as face  
Of man with furrowed wrinkles marked  
And seared, suggests his past life's course,  
Their presence in itself reveals  
The trace of annals which their calm  
Conceals. So Mystery's seeds were sown.  
Even the simple Indian folk,—  
Naive indigene of primitive plain,—  
Beheld with minds to quickened thought  
Provoked, that single skyward height  
Break stark upon the main and called  
It "Wey-do-dosh-she-ma-de-nog."  
Because, they said, it was the breast  
Of Mother Earth, which there arose  
To succor spirit souls in quest  
Of joyous hunting-grounds, of which  
Their wise men tell. And not to them  
Alone has nature from this rare  
Scene appealed to fancy; for, when



Old Father Time, from out his horn  
Of plenty, had poured the years full,  
Generations high upon the one  
To which this legend runs, the white  
Man came, bearing a waving stick,  
His country's standard, into these  
Proemial haunts. The lake, wine-stained,  
He called "Vermilion," but the mount  
Which broke upon his vision from  
Under a chastened moon, he named,  
"Jasper," after glories promised  
To the kingdom of his own God.

\* \* \* \* \*

The wild rice bent its fragile stalk  
Beneath a crown of ripened grain ;  
The birch and oak and maple blazed  
The Autumn's glory forth, and set aflame  
With red and gold, the northland pines,  
Perennial green. The light wind's voice  
Was muffled in requiem, mournful, low,—  
A parting song to Summer, sad, soft,  
And measured slow. Timed to the chant  
Of death, but tuned to death's sweet hope—  
Joy-hope of sorrow born—fair birth,  
A freer life of fuller scope !  
The sinking sun set all ablush  
The bosom of the lake. Upon the edge  
Of twilight rode the specter moon—  
Swift pinioned bird of noiseless flight—  
And hung a halo far above  
Mount Wey-do-dosh-she-ma-de-nog.

Along the shard-strewn shore, a band  
Of Chippeway braves had pitched their camp,  
To celebrate, with rites of their  
Medawe, the flooding season's  
Tide of full-grown grain. In and out  
Among the shadow-lengthened pines,  
Their dusky forms moved, one by one,  
To circle silently around  
The council fire. And when the tribe  
Were gathered all, the day was done ;  
Its splendor shifted to the Queen  
Of Night, that, flushed with triumph, flung  
Adown the path of sky, beyond  
Mount Wey-do-dosh-she-ma-de-nog  
A bridge of golden gleams, to lose  
Themselves within the darkling depths  
Of Lake Vermilion's lifeless bay,

Then Guteba, like Jacob's son,  
The favored one of twelve, arose.  
No warrior paint his tawny skin  
Bedecked, nor eagle plume, nor claw  
Of beast adorned his royal head—  
Base custom that of vulgar herd.  
He wore a girt of wampum, nor  
Need had he of other raiment ;  
For form erect, and sinewy frame  
And kindling eye, bespoke the garb  
Of manhood.

Thus he addressed them :  
“ From yonder window, framed in sky,  
Swings Ko-go-gau-pa-gon.

The God of Life has placed it there.  
Down-hanging from the happy land,  
Where spirits go, it forms a bridge,  
O'er which all ransomed souls must cross.



In fineness built, of beam of moon,  
It sinks and rolls, my children. But  
The light of foot and brave of heart  
Fear not. And one thing mark: before  
An Indian may touch sole upon

Those gleaming strands of gold, he first  
Must navigate the bay, within  
Whose darkly deep and treacherous bounds  
The water, shamming, seems to sleep,  
But only lies, like cunning fox,  
To snare unwary passers-by  
And hold them from their homeward way.

“The story is not new. It is  
Told with every year, as I do tell  
It now, when comes Medawe time ;  
When all the earth was young in youth  
The mighty Water reigned thereon  
And breath of life was not. Then, here,  
Upon the wind was heard a voice  
In thunder tones, which said unto  
The Water, ‘Kitchie Gumme, I  
Am Gezha Manitou—of Life  
The Master Spirit. Lo ! I bid  
Thy waves recede. Here, leading up  
Past Wey-do-dosh-she-ma-de-nog  
Unto the Soul’s Hereafter, I  
Have established Ke-wa-ku-na.  
Thy waters overleap my path  
So that my children cannot pass.  
Thou’st gone too far. Retreat to serve  
Within the spacious metes which I  
Have set for thee.’ Because the waves  
Would not, Gezha Manitou hurled  
Them back upon each other, till  
They sank deeper and deeper and  
Deeper into perpetual sea.  
Time does not count backward beyond

That struggle, but the water's voice  
 Has ever since been dumb where it  
 Took place ; his arms have there refused  
 The birch canoe to cradle, or  
 The fish to succor. There, also  
 He called the Matchie Manitou,  
 The evil ones, to do his will.  
 They slew the buffalo, until  
 The rocks turned red with blood. They stole  
 The souls of them who sought to pass  
 The water grave ; and man grew sad  
 And heavy-hearted. Then the voice  
 Of Gezha Manitou again  
 Was heard in words of speech to say :  
 ' When winter snows, and springtime showers,  
 And summer suns have rounded out  
 The moon of ripened grain, light fires  
 To mark the places where your dead  
 Await my messengers to guide  
 Them home. Of meat to eat provide  
 Them none ; but shape their arrows strong  
 And true. My buffalo will herd  
 Upon the water, and, along  
 The shores, thy garnered stores of grass  
 And grain must yield them food. Their horns  
 Will golden glimmer on the night  
 To make them easy prey for home  
 Bound souls, and they shall not be harmed  
 By Matchie Manitou. All clothed  
 In serpent skin and sharpened tooth  
 And poisoned tongue, my guides will come.  
 Then, let the living wary be  
 And go not near the tombs after

The haze of dusk turns dark of night ;  
For swift my heralds will approach  
Those ghostly haunts with sure demand  
For every soul that's found therein,  
Be it in body dead or quick.'

" The month, the day, the hour is here,  
My children, when the dead may cross  
To Ke-wa-ku-na less the fear  
Of harm, and we have come to say  
The last farewell. Wacumic's tomb,  
Among the rest, awaits the torch.  
In council, he was the Wise Man ;  
In war, the Brave Chief, and at home  
The Best Loved,—his forefathers famed  
For deeds of valor, virtue, and  
Wisdom far back as memory takes  
The trail. His name, interpreted  
' The waters ceased and earth began,'  
Denotes the time to which his line  
Of lineage runs. His spirit craves  
The promised land of happy hunt,  
And chase, and sweetly flowing streams.  
Our numbers are few, but our hearts  
Are strong. We are weak from the loss  
Of many battles, far from home ;  
Our horizon is shadowed by the Sioux ;  
Their echoing songs ring the woodlands  
Through. Is it wise for us to light  
The zenith of our skies, e'en tho'  
It be with flame of sacred fire ?  
Wacumic was my father ; you  
My children are. I have finished."

Against the circle's center stake  
The chieftain placed his wing-trimmed stick—  
Most curious crozier, which gave  
Unto the thought of him, whose palm  
It touched a brilliant speaking tongue ;  
Resumed his honored place the tribe  
Among.

Then stranger far, than track  
Of wayward bird, or swirling wind,  
Was Janishkisgan's forward course.  
A maid of plebeian birth, she did  
Not ask the leave of public speech—  
A right to woman not allowed—  
But from her people, where she sat,  
With meekness due, stepped out and grasped  
The staff Guteba had released,  
Thus arrogating to herself  
The right of oracle.

She said :

"I was thy dead chief's handmaid, Friends.  
Twelve months ago, I was with him  
Upon the battle-field alone.  
The Sioux were all around us ; their  
Faces war-red painted ; their cries  
Of vengeance filling all the air.  
He to his saddle caught me up.  
The Great Spirit strengthened his arm ;  
The lightning whet his ax ; the wind  
SPEEDED his pony's hoofs. Through walls  
Of human blood he cut our way,  
And on his tomb no single scalp

The deed remarks, or notes the slain  
He left to whiten bones upon  
The plains. He saved my life. What can  
I better do with it than use  
It for him? Arrows ready make ;  
Gather the grass and grain with which  
To feed the golden horns ; prepare  
The fuel for the sacred fires  
And I will light and keep them bright  
Upon the tombs. From my lips  
Speaks Gezha Manitou. I have done."

Upon the silence which her words  
Produced, the night-hawk's startling cry  
Succeeded, and, round and round, above  
Her head a milk-white falcon soared,  
Now sailing high, now skimming low,  
As if some mystic orison  
In exultation it performed.

Symbolic bird ! Thy course no chance  
Directed. Talismanic art  
Thou held by this nomadic tribe :  
For, when the First Wacumic ruled  
The band, from all the hosts of field  
And feathery flock of heaven, thou wert  
Elected Totem. Favored One !  
Their fate forever linked to thine ;  
Thy image crested on their shields ;  
Thy every flight prophetic held !

Now, watch the trend of savage mind.  
Even Chief Guteba, who loved



The Indian maid, knew that the bird  
A seal had put upon her, from which  
Her accomplished task alone would  
Freedom give ; and drove his knife  
Into the thickness of his thigh  
Hilt deep, to ease his pain of heart  
That one so young, so fair and so  
Much loved withal, must need take thought  
Of courage.

The Great Medicine

Confirmed the omen, in these words :  
“ Daughter, thou art chosen : go forth.  
I give thee holy token, no  
Woman ever wore before. It is  
The medicine, which none but brave  
Of noble birth may wear. Though thou  
Art not of chieftain father bred,  
Still yet thou art born noble. Take,  
Janishkisgan, and to the top  
Of Wey-do-dosh-she-ma-de-nog.  
There let thine eye be keen, the path  
Of open safety to descry ;—  
Use this plume of eagle plucked,  
To point to us the way. We will  
Prepare the arrows ; grass and grain  
Arrange, and make the fuel ready for  
The flame upon the graves. When four  
And twenty hours have passed, light thou  
The fires upon the tombs, and keep  
Them brightly burning till the ripe  
Rich moon has emptied all its gold.”

He hung the amulet about  
Her throat—the medicine, a bag  
Of dried, misshapen skin, that held  
The healing herbs—a homely guise  
That promised for them little worth;  
For, so are virtues ofttimes clothed.

She raised her eyes to heaven, as one  
Made free of fear and full of faith;  
Then moved away, while marveled all  
Who saw her glowing, peaceful face,  
Not knowing that her heart held court  
Within its inner self, as thus :  
“I thank thee, milk-white bird, that guides  
My path. E'en now Guteba's lips  
Are ripe to burst with love of me.  
I see it in his glance ; I hear  
It in his tones. My heart doth not  
Respond. His presents are prepared  
With which to buy me from my sire ;  
His wigwam waits his bride, but I  
Will never follow there. Thou hast  
Given me right, thou barbarous bird,  
To say him nay, who loves him not ;  
For, where the handmaid must obey,  
The maid who lights the sacred fire  
And bears the medicine shall have  
Her equal say. And should my life  
Yield in my task, thou'rt kinder, Death,  
Than wandering heart from wigwam fire.”

The Chippeway band to safety moved,  
Far toward the rising sun, and pitched

Their camp anew ; then hoped, less hope,  
For tidings of Janishkisgan,  
That never came.

Guteba's face

The while was draped with care, his tongue  
With sadness locked. To muffled ears  
His wise men spake, when they implored  
Him, for his honor's sake, to take  
A wife—he being counted less  
Than man by Redskin code, who sits  
Within his teepee door, without  
The serving squaw and papoose squawk.

Meantime the Great White Bird, from out  
The North, came riding on the wind,  
Its wings o'er heaven spread, and shed  
Its down on hill and plain, the earth  
In snow deep lying. Fasted then  
Guteba long, and vowed unto  
Himself that, cold in death or rich  
In life, the maiden should be found ;  
Across his shoulder flung his bow  
And arrow quiver ; in his belt  
Placed tomahawk and battle-ax  
And lance ; to westward sallied forth,  
Nor of his purpose spoke.

Three times the sun went round  
Its course and still he tarried from  
His home, while in the Chippeway camp  
Anxiety grew alarm at his  
Extended stay, and laggard seemed

Each tiny fleeting moment to  
The last, until, when three times three  
The days had rolled into the past.  
A shout was heard, and sound of life  
And roll of drum and tramp of feet  
And happy, joyous song proclaimed  
The sachem's safe return.

He came  
With flowing locks and steady step,  
And form erect, his people round  
About him flocking, wild with joy,  
And full of eager questions, put,  
Of where he'd been and what he'd seen ;  
To which his only answer was :  
" Up Wey-do-dosh-she-ma-de-nog."  
As one possessed by purpose stern,  
He passed along, nor paused until  
The halt was made his wigwam door  
Before, where his aged mother stood  
To give him greeting. Something more  
Than sweetness beamed in welcome from  
His smile the while he took her hand  
In his and spoke that blessed name  
Of " Mother."

Then, most sudden end  
Of joy !—into her outstretched arms  
He sank, as tho' he lent himself  
To gentle sleep, upon his lips  
The seal of Gezha Manitou ;  
Else had they told the tale, the which  
To tell, had given him strength to bear

A deep and mortal arrow wound  
 A long march : How Janishkisan  
 Lingered from her father's tent  
 To nurse the water Medicine Sioux,  
 "Chief Minnepazuka" called, who, though  
 For healing arts renowned, had down  
 Been stricken with the plague upon  
 The mountain top, his wisdom shorn  
 Of power through lack of body strength  
 With which to put it into use.  
 The dead Chief's sense of justice craved  
 The gift of further speech, to tell  
 The facts that lead thereto as all  
 Sufficient in themselves to plead  
 Her pardon. How Janishkisan  
 Found the Sioux, near the jaws of death,  
 And in her sympathy forgot  
 That she a Chippeway was and he  
 Of hostile stem. She took from him  
 The secret he had wrested from  
 The waves, and mixed a cure thereby  
 With which his life she saved. She kept  
 The fires burning, while waiting on  
 His needs, nor gave him but the time  
 That they required ; yet both had learned  
 A lesson, dear as life itself—  
 Each to the other had taught it,  
 And both had learned the same—learned to love  
 With a love so holy, that they  
 Must needs a union plan, in which  
 There, too, should be united all  
 Their severed bands. Guteba heard,  
 With his own ears, the chieftain swear

That he would bring from his far home,  
On western slopes, the richest gifts  
Of field and forest, to demand  
His bride from her own father's hand :  
And, with the rest, bring too, the white  
Winged dove of peace, nor claim from lips  
So passing sweet, one tiny kiss  
Without this all accomplished. Chief  
Guteba, hid in neighboring shrub,  
O'erheard these vows, with tomahawk  
Well aimed against the Sioux Chief's head ;  
And, hanging on the words, felt all  
His being's manhood stir in plea  
For nobler action ; fall down let  
The threatening blade, and, chief to chief,  
Challenged the Sioux to combat with  
The lance for Janishkisgan's hand ;  
It being current practice, that  
He who victored in such a fray  
Was held a friend for aye, by all  
The vanquished chieftain's people. Hurt  
With fatal stab, the Chippeway Chief  
Had hastened home, to urge upon  
His tribe the well-earned peace, the which  
Minnepazuka's lance had won.

Inexplicable fate ! That coined  
His lofty purpose and effort, staunch,  
Into the very ill, for whose  
Opposite good he sought ; in death,  
Closed his lips, still undelivered  
Of their message, and left instead  
A gaping wound to cry, " Revenge ! "

The tribe tore out their hair, and put  
The blackening pigment on, and sang  
Their grieving songs ; athirst for blood,  
Unheeding danger, struck their tents  
And formed for march, in single file,  
Back, back in gloom, to silent tombs,  
Beside the dark, deep bay, below  
Mount Wey-do-dosh-she-ma-de-nog,  
There to lay their beloved chief's  
Remains.

And, there, Janishkisgan,  
Filled with the superstition of  
Her kind, made pillow nightly on  
Her mother's grave, as well secure  
As tho' she slept within the wigwam.  
And there it was, one morning's dawn,  
The somber funeral cortège found  
Her. Most certain proof of innocence  
And guilelessness and conscience all  
At ease to rest upon a grave  
At night, was it considered. But thus  
To be, in calm repose, a smile  
Transcendent on the lips, as if  
Good spirits hovered near, almost  
Were past belief of seeing eye.  
So moved were they, who saw her there,  
They stole away in awesome hush  
Along a trackless trail, beneath  
A ledge of rugged rock. Above  
Their heads a boulder's jutting edge  
Protruded, where, this early morn,  
Minnepazuka came to sing  
A song of love.

Alas ! That she,  
Who dreamed of him, had dream so sweet,  
Her smile to him disastrous proved :  
For, in that northern wild, no spot  
So fit for ambush was as this  
Unbeaten, shrub-grown path of rock  
To which the Chippeways' impulse  
Led them ; and none so ill-secure  
From ambuscading foe as this  
Same barren boulder, upon whose  
O'erhanging height, the Sioux reclined.

His prelude, played on flageolet,  
In clear and clarion tones, broke through  
The still of dawn and fell on ears  
Of foes, who crept upon him, the while  
He softly sang :

“ Oh, my Dove's Eye,  
Thou dear one, hearest thou not  
My voice ? Thou lingerest far from me.  
I am the Water Medicine. Rocks  
Flow living streams if I but call.  
Thou sharest my secrets, wee one ;  
Thou, too, hast quaffed of Immortal  
Waters. Why linger far from me ?  
When the fever was upon me,  
Then wast thou near me, thou Sunbeam.  
Now, I am strong. To-morrow will  
I journey toward the setting sun.  
But I will come back again for thee.  
My people shall be thine, my own.  
Hearken to the voice of my song.





My love is like the shining sun  
Upon the pure snow of the mount—  
It would blush upon thy cheek, but  
It would not destroy thee. Hear me,  
Gentle one ; fear me not. Thou didst  
Not love the Chief Guteba. Thy  
Lips have confessed it to me, and  
My lance drank his heart dry. Now, thou  
Sleepest upon thy mother's tomb."

As like the lightning of the storm  
Forensic message on the walls  
Of heaven writes, to fill the earth  
With pause of tragic dread, so did  
Guteba's name, on alien tongue  
For one brief moment holden stay  
The stealthy steps that stole about  
The Sioux and closed escaping path  
Around him. And as thunder lends  
Unto the tempest's roar a voice  
More awful because of that but  
Momentary respite, so with  
The next succeeding breath, the air  
Was curdled with the Chippeway cry  
Of vengeance. Before the Sioux could  
Change within his grasp the place  
Of joyous flute for battle-ax  
He was surrounded by them and made  
Their royal captive.

In thongs bound  
Down and tortured, Janishkisgan  
Next beheld him. But love, like theirs,

Which hath preserved itself through test  
 In purity, knows not despair.  
 Nor can it hush itself to ease  
 If it can find the chance to act  
 In the beloved one's behalf.  
 So while the maid, well-honored guard  
 Of sacred fires, passed freely round,  
 From friend, to friend, with greetings kind,  
 In measure full returned, her thoughts  
 Were busy with the night.

When all

Was still beneath the stars, she left  
 Her blanket couch, high-heaped on leaves,  
 And let the prisoner free. Under  
 An old oak tree they said farewell,  
 Not without Minnepazuka's  
 Protestations, who plead as thus :

“ Oh, come with me, and be my bride ;  
 My home is on the prairies wide,  
 Where West sweeps westward, in its pride,  
 To mount the heights of mountain side ;  
 Where yellow glows the sunflower's gold,  
 And earth rolls rich in mellow mold ;  
 Where cactus bloom and roses blush,  
 And rivers sweep through greensward lush ;  
 Where deer and antelope and bear  
 Abound as free as sunlit air ;  
 Where buffalo and cayote dwell  
 And perch and trout the clear brook swell.  
 Oh, come ; oh, come, and live with me—  
 To serve thee I shall happy be.

I'll pluck thee bed of down of swan ;  
Thy cares make light as foot of fawn ;  
I'll build canoe of birch-wood bark  
To cradle thee, my Singing Lark.  
I'll rob the white bear for thy frock ;  
I'll bring thee paint from red of rock ;  
I'll note the honey-bee in its flight—  
Gather its sweets by bright moonlight.  
I'll coax the fishes from the wave ;  
Thy slightest wish shall bind me slave ;  
My arrow true its bow will fly  
To draw abundance from the sky ;  
The heavens shall tremble at my voice  
And thy dear heart rejoice, rejoice.  
Oh, fly with me, these arms to bless ;  
Rest, rest, my little love, on my breast."

"It cannot be, my beaming-eyed,  
Until our people are allied.  
My father's step is growing slow,  
No other child hath he. The snow  
Upon his head would pile did I  
But go with thee. I beg thee fly."

"No claim so binding-is as love—  
Oh, come, oh, come, my nestling dove—  
Thy hands have set me free. And all  
The blame of my escape will fall  
On thee. Thy father will disown  
Thee ; the children cruel will stone  
Thee, and——"

"And I will think of thee."

“ Leave thee alone to bear such wrongs !  
Oh, no. Upon my wrists bind back  
The thongs. I will not freedom take.  
'Twere better far than price like this  
To perish at the stake. Bind back  
The thongs.”

“ Thou wouldst spare me pain ? Then,  
Go. Each tiny, lapping flame of fire  
That fed its tongue on thee, would scorch  
The life-blood in my heart until  
Upon the funeral pyre, I'd throw  
My worthless self. I beg thee go.”

“ Alas ! Thy heart is cold to me.”

“ Nay, nay, not so ; it all is thine.  
I give it in this kiss. 'Twill sing  
To thee from throat of bird ; it will  
Echo on the wind ; it will  
Caress thee from the dew ;—'tis all  
I have ; it is thine. Farewell.”

“ Gentle One, thou givest me life,  
To take it from me. Thou lily heart,  
Thou art my own, my other self :  
Thy god declares it unto thee,  
And mine to me.”

“ And over all  
Is the Great Spirit. Farewell.”

“ Thou wilt not go ? ”

“ Farewell.”

“ Farewell.”

Sad fate, by human standard judged,  
The Indian maiden brought upon  
Herself. Given to eat with dogs,  
Clothed in rags, disgraced, driven from  
Her father's door, the power of love  
Sustained her. Magic Power, Great  
Architect, Superb Chemist Love !  
The heart that entertains thee  
Grows lofty in spirit gentleness,  
È'en tho' thou deigust to make it but  
Thy workshop. So Janishkisgan  
Knew thee. Fearing only to prove  
Unworthy of her august guest,  
She walked in the midst of scorn,  
Contempt, contumely, sneers and stern  
Displeasure, with that forbearance  
And kindly dignity, which re-won  
Her friends, despite themselves ; so that  
At last they gave her pitying peace,  
And listened with their heart-strings tuned  
To life's better part, while she sang  
Her farewell song, each eve beneath  
The tree.

After a time the plague  
Broke out and lamentations rose  
On every hand. Old women made  
Their teas and plied their healing arts;  
The Great Medicine Men implored  
Gezha Manitou's aid, and all  
The vibrant air was resonant  
With invoking incantations.—  
Death marched on. Then Janishkisgan

Bethought her of her lover's cure ;  
 Gathered the balsam root and mixed  
 Therefrom the potent draught, as he  
 Had taught her. Great Medicine  
 It was, that brought the glow of health  
 Into the faded, hollow cheeks,  
 And all the people blessed the maid ;  
 Called her, “Mahnusatia,” which means  
 The balm that heals. Surrounded by  
 The dread disease, she came and went  
 Unscathed, as if by unseen hands  
 Protected. Where her gentle tones  
 Were heard or where her light step fell,  
 It was as if an angel passed.—  
 Wan faces smiled, and hearts felt hope,  
 And trembling lips found voice to cry :  
 “Mahnusatia ! Mahnusatia !”

Thus in love was she renamed.  
 Reinstated and reintrenched  
 Deeper then ever in hearts which  
 Had once renounced her, still she lived  
 As one apart. The seasons came  
 And passed, and as they did, the tribe  
 Changed camp, from place to place, with each  
 Recurring Autumn to return  
 To Wey-do-dosh-she-ma-de-nog ;  
 But “Mahnusatia ” never left  
 The silent village. There she kept  
 Her vigil, night by night, under  
 The old oak tree. Her form became  
 Wasted ; her eyes lustrous ; her limbs  
 Grew to tremble, but her voice was

Sweeter, as on each even's breeze,  
In rain or shine, in storm or calm,  
Was heard her fond farewell. Her life's  
Last breath was spent in that farewell.  
Her body lay under the oak, whose  
Spreading branches caught up the sad  
Refrain, "Farewell, farewell," and gave  
It back again each eventide.

Her spirit lived in a thousand  
Tongues, for where the Chippeway saw  
The balsam tree, he turned his face  
Toward Wey-do-dosh-she-ma-de-nog,  
As Mahometan to Mecca, and  
Cried out in reverential tones,  
"Mahnusatia ! Mahnusatia !"

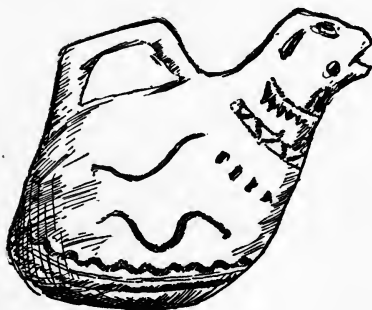
It lives to-day, mere chance of fate,  
Perchance, a monument of fame,  
Than which nor time, nor nation, nor  
People have ever better built ;  
A monument of State, that rears  
Its regal, star-crowned head above  
Its sisters', in the grandest, most  
Glorious Union, which the world  
Has ever known.

Yet who shall say,  
Who hath not infinite knowledge,  
It is but fortune's accident  
That honors such fidelity ?  
Who, rather, shall not concede, that,  
Down the path of time, a fitness,



Everlasting, perpetuates  
That sweet, sweet Indian name, which, in  
Nobler accents, English spoken,  
Echoes the wide, wide world around :  
"Minnesota ! Minnesota !"

MRS. FANNIE L. STONE.



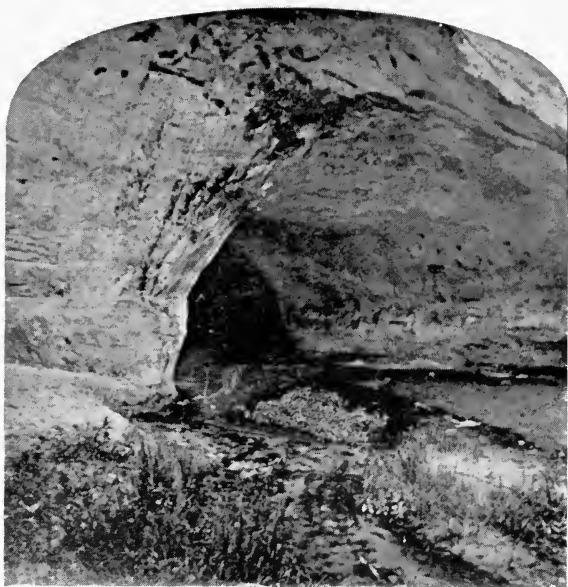
## The Descending Star.

(A CHIPPEWA LEGEND.)

THE Chieftain sat in his wigwam door  
And smoked his evening pipe,  
While a crowd of Indian boys and girls,  
Knowing his wisdom ripe,  
Were begging him to a story tell,  
For votive offering brought,  
The tobacco loved by the aged sage ;  
So he told the tale they sought.

“There was once a time when the world was filled  
With a people happy,” he said :  
“The crimson tide of war rolled not,  
Nor against each other led,  
Each rival tribe their warriors brave :  
For the nations were as one,  
The frightful scourge that has wasted us  
Had, happily, not begun.

“With game in plenty forest and plain  
Abounded. None were in want  
And ghastly famine never touched  
The tribes with its finger gaunt.



CARVER'S CAVE.



At the bidding of man the beasts of the field  
All meekly went and came ;  
For they feared him not, nor reason had,  
But all were harmless and tame.

“ Unending spring for winter’s blasts  
And chills gave never a place ;  
Each tree and bush bowed low with fruit  
So they needed not the chase.  
A carpet of flowers covered the earth,  
While the air with their perfume  
Was laden. The songs of mated birds  
Rose ever in sweetest tune.

“ The earth was indeed a paradise,  
And man was worthy to live  
’Mong these delights in tranquil peace  
That merit alone can give.  
The Indians—sole possession then—  
Roamed here and there at will,  
O’er plains and lakes and wilderness—  
Ah, that it were so still !

“ They numbered millions, as nature designed,  
Enjoying her many gifts.  
The sports of the field were their delight ;  
Such life the soul uplifts.  
They watched the stars with loving gaze,  
And thought that they must be  
The homes of the good, with the Great Spirit  
In the heavens roaming free.

“ One night a star shone strangely bright,  
Out-shining all the rest.  
At first they deemed it far away,  
Its nearness never guessed.  
Then some declared they believed it stood  
Just over the tree-tops tall.  
To solve the doubt a council of  
The wisest men they call.

“ These went one night and found the star  
Was something like a bird.  
It hovered just above the trees—  
They feared, for they had heard  
From their forefathers that it might  
A bloody war foretell,  
And over them a silent dread  
Of some disaster fell.

“ One moon had waned—the mystery  
No one could solve or tell  
If the omen of their heavenly guest  
Foreboded ill or well :  
When a warrior had a wondrous dream,  
A lovely maiden came  
And stood by his side—in sweetest tones,  
She called him by his name.

“ ‘ I love your beautiful lakes,’ said she,  
‘ Your mountains clothed in green,  
In yonder sky, shining above,  
My sisters still are seen.

But I have left them to come and live  
Among your race, young brave :  
To find a suitable home for me  
Go ask your sages grave.'

" ' And pray what form shall I assume  
To be best loved by you ? '  
The youth awoke and stepped from his lodge  
The ominous star to view.  
It shone with undimmed luster where  
It had stood for many a day :  
Yet he firmly believed it the visitor  
His waking had driven away.

" At early dawn the crier was sent  
Around the camp to call  
The warriors at once to the Council Lodge,  
And there before them all,  
The young brave told his dream so strange.  
For love, they said, no doubt  
For love of man the star had come  
And wandered thereabout.

" To welcome her to earth next night  
Five noble braves were sent.  
She took the pipe of peace, which herbs  
A sweet aroma lent.  
Then with expanded wing she came  
And hovered near their homes,  
Like one who wished to be at rest  
But still unwilling roams.

“In dreams she asked the youth again :

‘ Pray tell where I shall live,  
And what form now must I assume  
To most enjoyment give?’

He could not decide, so she was told

For herself ’twere best to choose.

The tribe might through their ignorance

Her heavenly wisdom lose.

“On the mountains first in the pure white rose  
She dwelt; but all unseen

By the tribe she loved : so next she went

To be the prairie’s queen.

She trembled with fear, with ceaseless dread,

At the hoof of the buffalo ;

For safety then a rocky cliff

She sought and glanced below.

“‘ I know where I will live,’ she said,

‘ Where glides the swift canoe

Of the race I most admire, and where,

Dear children, always you

My playmates can be. I will kiss your cheeks

As you slumber by the lake.

Here with you all, my best beloved,

My home I will ever make.’

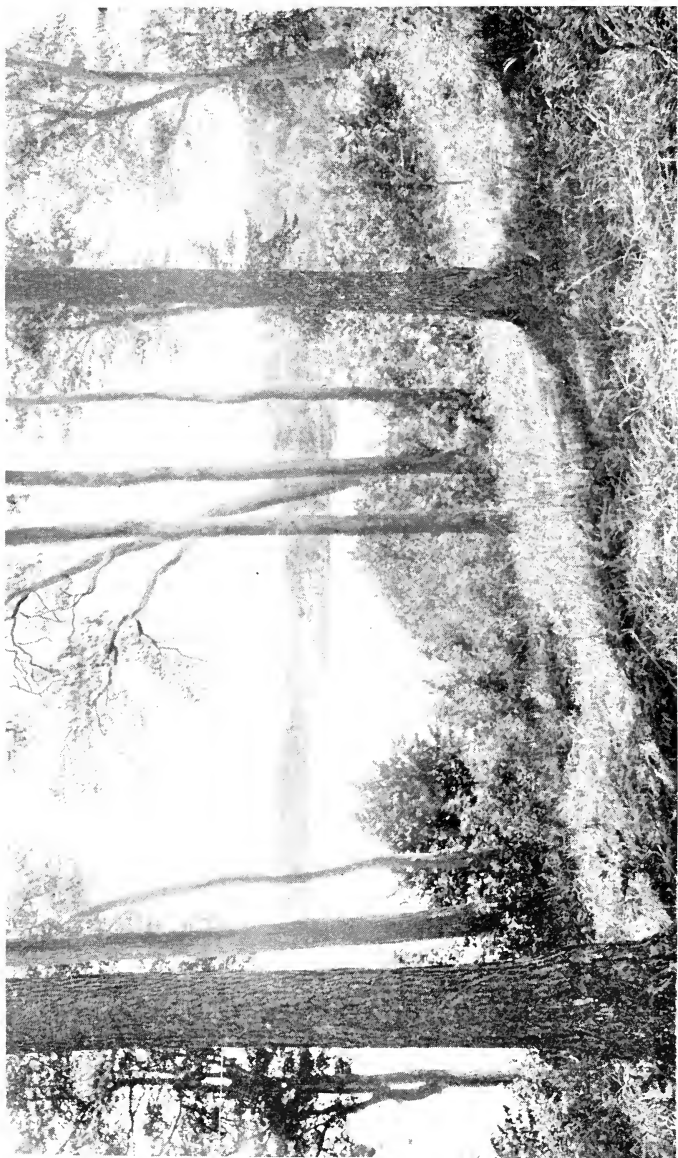
“These words she spoke and alighted soon

On the water’s limpid breast.

Looked down at her image reflected there,

At last she was at rest.





"THESE WORDS SHE SPAKE AND ALIGHTED SOON ON THE WATERS' LIMPED BREAST."



In the morning sun, as pure as heaven,  
A thousand lilies basked ;  
For Wah-be-gwan-nee, water lily,  
The Indian children asked.

“ In the southern sky this bright star lived ;  
Her brethren can be seen  
Far off in the cold North, hunting the bear :  
Meanwhile, with ardor keen,  
Her sisters watch from East and West,  
And here, an exile lone,  
She sees her heavenly kindred fair  
In the home that was her own.

“ My children, when the lilies pure  
You pluck from the placid lake,  
Hold them toward heaven, their rightful home,  
Abandoned for your sake.  
So they may be happy here on earth  
As any sister star  
That, stationed in the summer sky,  
Gleams brightly from afar.”

IDA SEXTON SEARLS.

## The Trailing Arbutus.

EPIGÆA REPENS.

IN the vast, primeval forest, unremembered moons  
ago,

When the streams were dumb and palsied, all the  
earth was white with snow,

When the eerie wind went chasing evil spirits  
through the wood,

'Neath the gaunt and leafless tree-tops, an old  
Indian teepee stood.

In it lived an old man only, with white locks and  
flowing beard,

Clad in furs from head to foot-sole, like one to the  
north-land reared :

Weakly his scant fire resisted the dread storm-  
fiend's icy breath,

And its deep, portentous rumblings spoke of swift  
approaching death.

Crouching there, "O Mannaboosho," cried he  
through the awful night,

"Here behold me, thy brave warrior. I will con-  
quer in thy might."

Then the lodge door softly opened and in stepped  
a beauteous form

Clad in ferns and sweet spring grasses. When  
she breathed, the air grew warm.

Large her eyes were, glowing brightly, as at night,  
the lustrous fawn's.

Red her cheeks were like wild roses or bright car-  
mine-tinted dawns.

Long her hair and black as raven's, trailing o'er the  
frozen ground,

And her hands with pussy-willows, like close-  
fitting gloves were bound.

Fair wild-flowers crowned her tresses and her  
dainty little feet

Were encased in two white lilies from the great  
lakes pure and sweet.

Said the old man, "Ah, my daughter, I am glad to  
see you here.

Though my lodge is cold and cheerless, it will  
shield you, never fear;

But pray tell me, fearless maiden, how these icy  
blasts you dare

To confront in such strange clothing? Will you  
not the secret share?

I am old Kabibonokka, and my breath in ice con-  
geals.

When I shake my locks, the snow falls. All the  
earth my power feels.

Hastily the birds fly southward and the squirrels  
safely hide."

"Ah how strange!" replied the maiden. "I  
spread beauty far and wide.

When I shake my raven tresses, soft, warm rain  
falls from the sky,  
All the birds come back a-building in the leafy  
tree-tops high."

Thus they talked, but soon the teepee grew like  
summer, strangely warm,  
And the old man's head dropped listless o'er a  
soundly-sleeping form.

High the sun rode in the heavens, and a blue-  
bird, pert and trim,  
Called out, "Say-ee, I am thirsty;" and the  
rivers flowed for him.

As the old man slept, the maiden passed her hand  
above his head,

And he smaller grew and smaller, till, all mortal  
substance sped,

But a mass of green leaves growing there remained  
upon the earth;

And the fairy maiden stooping, with an air of quiet  
mirth,

Took pink-tinted flowers and hid them all about  
beneath the leaves;

And her sweet, fresh breath upon them, like a  
spell she softly breathes

As she sings with clear, wild warblings, "of my  
graces, I give all;

And who shall desire to pluck thee, on his bended  
knees shall fall."

Then as onward moved the maiden, through the  
woods and o'er the plains,

All the jocund birds sang to her, o'er her fell the  
spring-time rains,

And the arbutus in beauty, 'neath her fairy foot-  
steps sprung.

Nowhere else in vale or woodland were the pre-  
cious seedlets flung.

Still Northern Minnesota, near the great unsalted  
sea,

Trace we will the maiden's footsteps where these  
self-same blossoms be.

ADELAIDE GEORGE BENNET.



## Nopa.

IN the shelter of the forest,  
By the cataract's lonely brink,  
(Shadow Falls, we call them nowadays)  
Where the red deer came to drink,  
Lived old Chaska and his daughter  
Nopa, in their tepee small.  
Handsome was this dusky maiden,  
Eyes like deer and form so tall.

"Seche-do—bad man," said Chaska,  
As the moccasin he laid down,  
Ready for the wampum finish ;  
Nopa's skill his work must crown.  
She had told him of an artist,  
Sunny-haired with hand of snow,  
Whose canoe was fastened daily,  
In the river just below.

"Talk not to the treacherous white man,"  
Chaska said, in tones of wrath,  
"Harken, daughter, to my warning ;  
Never must he cross my path !"  
But poor Nopa little heeded  
Her old father's wise command ;  
Watching close, each day and evening  
For the footsteps in the sand.







Weeks have passed without his coming ;  
Weeks like years, so full of pain  
To the Indian maiden thinking,  
“ Will he never come again ? ”  
Surely now she hears his footsteps  
Where the misty waters pour.  
Falling headlong down the chasm :  
Nopa will return no more .

Chaska hears her calling wildly ;  
Seeks to grasp the fleeing form  
Follows till the rushing waters,  
Swollen with the autumn's storm,  
Cruel, cast his lifeless body  
'Mong the rocks and caverns wild ;  
Desolate, the lonely tepee  
Waits the hunter and his child.

Now, in autumn, when the aster  
Nods its purple plumes in pride ;  
When the black-eyed Susan coyly  
'Neath the gorgeous sumach hides ;  
And the golden-rod so stately,  
To outshine all others tries ;  
In the mist of early evening  
Two dark forms are seen to rise.

Chaska and his dusky daughter,  
Shades from out the spirit-land,  
Flitting, falling, downward, downward,  
Till they reach the shining sand.

Vanish then beside the river,  
Where her faithless lover's bark  
Once was moored. The waves, all lonely,  
Lap the sands with shadows dark.

IDA SEXTON SEARLS.



## The Sea-Gull.<sup>1</sup>

A LEGEND OF LAKE SUPERIOR. OJIBWAY.

*In the measure of Hiawatha.*

[The numerals refer to Notes to The Sea-Gull, in Appendix.]

ON the shore of Gitchee Gume<sup>2</sup>—  
Deep, mysterious, mighty waters—  
Where the mânitoes—the spirits—  
Ride the storms and speak in thunder,  
In the days of Némè-Shómis,<sup>3</sup>  
In the days that are forgotten,  
Dwelt a tall and tawny hunter—  
Gitchee Péz-ze-u—the Panther,  
Son of Waub-Ojeeg,<sup>4</sup> the warrior,  
Famous Waub-Ojeeg, the warrior.  
Strong was he and fleet as roebuck,  
Brave was he and very stealthy;  
On the deer crept like a panther;  
Grappled with Makwá,<sup>5</sup> the monster,  
Grappled with the bear and conquered;  
Took his black claws for a necklet,  
Took his black hide for a blanket.

When the Panther wed the Sea-Gull,  
Young was he and very gladsome ;  
Fair was she and full of laughter ;  
Like the robin in the spring-time,  
Sang from sunrise till the sunset ;  
For she loved the handsome hunter.  
Deep as Gitchee Gumee's waters  
Was her love—as broad and boundless ;  
And the wedded twain were happy—  
Happy as the mated robins.  
When their first-born saw the sunlight  
Joyful was the heart of Panther,  
Proud and joyful was the mother,  
All the days were full of sunshine,  
All the nights were full of starlight.  
Nightly from the land of spirits  
On them smiled the starry faces—  
Faces of their friends departed.  
Little moccasins she made him,  
Feathered cap and belt of wampum  
From the hide of fawn a blanket,  
Fringed with feathers, soft as sable ;  
Singing at her pleasant labor,  
By her side the *tekenâgun*,<sup>6</sup>  
And the little hunter in it.  
Oft the Panther smiled and fondled,  
Smiled upon the babe and mother,  
Frolicked with the boy and fondled.  
Tall he grew and like his father,  
And they called the boy the Raven—  
Called him *Kâk-kâh-gè*—the Raven.  
Happy hunter was the Panther.  
From the woods he brought the pheasant,



WELCOME ISLAND, THUNDER BAY.

108



Brought the red-deer and the rabbit,  
Brought the trout from Gitchee Gumee—  
Brought the mallard from the marshes—  
Royal feast for boy and mother :  
Brought the hides of fox and beaver,  
Brought the skins of mink and otter,  
Lured the loon and took his blanket,  
Took his blanket for the Raven.  
Winter swiftly followed winter,  
And again the *tekenâgun*  
Held a babe—a tawny daughter,  
Held a dark-eyed, dimpled daughter ;  
And they called her *Waub-omeé-meé*—  
Thus they named her—the White-Pigeon.  
But as winter followed winter  
Cold and sullen grew the Panther ;  
Sat and smoked his pipe in silence ;  
When he spoke he spoke in anger ;  
In the forest often tarried  
Many days, and homeward turning,  
Brought no game unto his wigwam ;  
Only brought his empty quiver,  
Brought his dark and sullen visage.

Sad at heart and very lonely  
Sat the Sea-Gull in the wigwam ;  
Sat and swung the *tekenâgun*  
Sat and sang to *Waub-omeé-meé* :  
Thus she sang to *Waub-omeé-meé*,  
Thus the lullaby she chanted :

*Wâ-wa, wâ-wa, wá-we-yeà ;*  
*Kah-wéen, nee-zhéka kè-diaus-ai,*

Ke-gâh nau-wâi, ne-mé-go s'wéen,  
 Ne-bâun, ne-bâun, ne-dâun-is âis,  
 Wâ-wa, wâ-wa, wâ-we-yeà;  
 Ne-bâun, ne-bâun, ne-dâun-is-âis,  
 E-we wâ-wa, wâ-we-yeà,  
 E-we wâ-wa, wâ-we-yeà.

## TRANSLATION :

Swing, swing, little one, lullaby ;  
 Thou'rt not left alone to weep ;  
 Mother cares for you—she is nigh ;  
 Sleep, my little one, sweetly sleep ;  
 Swing, swing, little one, lullaby ;  
 Mother watches you—she is nigh ;  
 Gently, gently, wee one, swing ;  
 Gently, gently, while I sing  
 E-we wâ-wa—lullaby,  
 E-we wâ-wa—lullaby.

Homeward to his lodge returning  
 Kindly greeting found the hunter,  
 Fire to warm and food to nourish,  
 Golden trout from Gitchee Gumee,  
 Caught by Kâh-kâh-gè—the Raven.  
 With a snare he caught the rabbit—  
 Caught Wabóse,<sup>7</sup> the furry-footed,  
 Caught Penây,<sup>7</sup> the forest-drummer ;  
 Sometimes, with his bow and arrows,  
 Shot the red-deer in the forest,  
 Shot the squirrel in the pine-top,  
 Shot Ne-kâ, the wild-goose, flying.  
 Proud as Waub-Ojeeg, the warrior,

To the lodge he bore his trophies.  
So when homeward turned the Panther,  
Ever found he food provided,  
Found the lodge-fire brightly burning,  
Found the faithful Sea-Gull waiting,  
“You are cold,” she said, “and famished;  
Here are fire and food, my husband.”  
Not by word or look he answered;  
Only ate the food provided,  
Filled his pipe and pensive puffed it,  
Sat and smoked in sullen silence.  
Once—her dark eyes full of hunger—  
Thus she spoke and thus besought him:  
“Tell me, O my silent Panther,  
Tell me, O beloved husband,  
What has made you sad and sullen?  
Have you met some evil spirit—  
Met some goblin in the forest?  
Has he put a spell upon you—  
Filled your heart with bitter waters,  
That you sit so sad and sullen,  
Sit and smoke, but never answer,  
Only when the storm is on you?”

Gruffly then the Panther answered:  
“Brave among the brave is Panther  
Son of Waub-Ojeeg, the warrior,  
And the brave are ever silent;  
But a whining dog is woman,  
Whining ever like a coward.”  
Forth into the tangled forest,  
Threading through the thorny thickets,  
Treading trails on marsh and meadow,

Sullen strode the moody hunter.  
Saw he not the bear or beaver,  
Saw he not the elk or roebuck;  
From his path the red-fawn scampered,  
But no arrow followed after;  
From his den the sly wolf listened,  
But no twang of bow-string heard he.  
Like one walking in his slumber,  
Listless, dreaming, walked the Panther;  
Surely had some witch bewitched him,  
Some bad spirit of the forest.

When the Sea-Gull wed the Panther,  
Fair was she and full of laughter;  
Like the robin in the spring-time,  
Sang from sunrise till the sunset;  
But the storms of many winters  
Sifted frost upon her tresses,  
Seamed her tawny face with wrinkles,  
Not alone the storms of winters  
Seamed her tawny face with wrinkles.  
Twenty winters for the Panther  
Had she ruled the humble wigwam;  
For her haughty lord and master  
Borne the burdens on the journey,  
Gathered fagots for the lodge-fire,  
Tanned the skins of bear and beaver,  
Tanned the hides of moose and red-deer;  
Made him moccasins and leggins,  
Decked his hood with quills and feathers—  
Colored quills of Kaug,<sup>8</sup> the thorny,  
Feathers from Kenéw,<sup>8</sup> the eagle.  
For a warrior brave was Panther;

Often had he met the foemen,  
Met the bold and fierce Dakotas,  
Westward on the war-path met them ;  
And the scalps he won were numbered,  
Numbered seven by Kenéw-feathers.  
Sad at heart was Sea-Gull waiting,  
Watching, waiting in the wigwam ;  
Not alone the storms of winters  
Sifted frost upon her tresses.

Ka-be-bón-ík-ka, the mighty,<sup>9</sup>  
He that sends the cruel winter,  
He that turned to stone the Giant,  
From the distant Thunder-mountain,  
Far across broad Gitchee Gumee,  
Sent his warning of the winter,  
Sent the white frost and Kewâydin,<sup>10</sup>  
Sent the swift and hungry North-wind.  
Homeward to the South the Summer  
Turned and fled the naked forests.  
With the Summer flew the robin,  
Flew the bobolink and blue-bird.  
Flock-wise following chosen leaders,  
Like the shaftless heads of arrows  
Southward cleaving through the ether,  
Soon the wild-geese followed after.  
One long moon the Sea-Gull waited,  
Watched and waited for her husband,  
Till at last she heard his footsteps,  
Heard him coming through the thicket.  
Forth she went to meet her husband,  
Joyful went to greet her husband.  
Lo behind the haughty hunter,  
10

Closely following in his footsteps,  
Walked a young and handsome woman,  
Walked the Red Fox from the island—  
Gitchee Ménis—the Grand Island—  
Followed him into the wigwam,  
Proudly took her seat beside him.  
On the Red Fox smiled the hunter,  
On the hunter smiled the woman.

Old and wrinkled was the Sea-Gull,  
Good and true, but old and wrinkled.  
Twenty winters for the Panther  
Had she ruled the humble wigwam,  
Borne the burdens on the journey,  
Gathered fagots for the lodge-fire,  
Tanned the skins of bear and beaver,  
Tanned the hides of moose and red-deer,  
Made him moccasins and leggins,  
Decked his hood with quills and feathers,  
Colored quills of Kaug, the thorny,  
Feathers from the great war-eagle ;  
Ever diligent and faithful,  
Ever patient, ne'er complaining.  
But like all brave men the Panther  
Loved a young and handsome woman ;  
So he dallied with the danger,  
Dallied with the fair Algónkin,<sup>11</sup>  
Till a magic mead she gave him,  
Brewed of buds of birch and cedar,<sup>12</sup>  
Madly then he loved the woman ;  
Then she ruled him, then she held him  
Tangled in her raven tresses,  
Tied and tangled in her tresses.

Ah, the tall and tawny Panther!  
Ah, the brave and brawny Panther!  
Son of Waub-Ojeeg, the warrior!  
With a slender hair she led him,  
With a slender hair she drew him,  
Drew him often to her wigwam;  
There she bound him, there she held him  
Tangled in her raven tresses,  
Tied and tangled in her tresses.  
Ah, the best of men are tangled—  
Sometimes tangled in the tresses  
Of a fair and crafty woman.

So the Panther wed the Red Fox,  
And she followed to his wigwam.  
Young again he seemed and gladsome,  
Glad as Raven when the father  
Made his first bow from the elm-tree,  
From the ash-tree made his arrows,  
Taught him how to aim his arrows,  
How to shoot Wabóse—the rabbit.  
Then again the brawny hunter  
Brought the black bear and the beaver,  
Brought the haunch of elk and red-deer,  
Brought the rabbit and the pheasant—  
Choicest bits of all for Red Fox.  
For her robes he brought the sable,  
Brought the otter and the ermine,  
Brought the black-fox tipped with silver.

But the Sea-Gull murmured never,  
Not a word she spoke in anger,  
Went about her work as ever,

Tanned the skins of bear and beaver,  
Tanned the hides of moose and red-deer,  
Gathered fagots for the lodge fire,  
Gathered rushes from the marshes ;  
Deftly into mats she wove them ;  
Kept the lodge as bright as ever.  
Only to herself she murmured,  
All alone with Waub-omeé-meé.  
On the tall and toppling highland,  
O'er the wilderness of waters ;  
Murmured to the murmuring waters,  
Murmured to the Nébe-nâw-baigs—  
To the spirits of the waters ;  
On the wild waves poured her sorrow.  
Save the infant on her bosom  
With her dark eyes wide with wonder,  
None to hear her but the spirits,  
And the murmuring pines above her.  
Thus she cast away her burdens,  
Cast her burdens on the waters ;  
Thus unto the good Great Spirit,  
Made her lowly lamentation :  
“ Wahonówin !—Wahonówin ! <sup>13</sup>  
Gitchee Mânito, benâ-nin !  
Nah, Ba-bâ, showâin neméshin !  
Wahonówin !—Wahonówin ! ”

Ka-be-bón-ík-ka,<sup>9</sup> the mighty,  
He that sends the cruel winter,  
From the distant Thunder-mountain  
On the shore of Gitchee Gumee,  
On the rugged northern border,  
Sent his solemn, final warning,



Sent the white wolves of the Nor'land.<sup>14</sup>  
Like the dust of stars in ether—  
In the Pathway of the Spirits,<sup>15</sup>  
Like the sparkling dust of diamonds,  
Fell the frost upon the forest,  
On the mountains and the meadows,  
On the wilderness of woodland,  
On the wilderness of waters.  
All the lingering fowls departed—  
All that seek the South in winter,  
All but Shingebís, the diver ;<sup>16</sup>  
He defies the Winter-maker,  
Sits and laughs at Winter-maker.

Ka-be-bón-ík-ka, the mighty,  
From his wigwam called Kewâydin—  
From his home among the icebergs,  
From the sea of frozen waters,  
Called the swift and hungry North-wind,  
Then he spread his mighty pinions  
Over all the land and shook them.  
Like the white down of Waubésè<sup>17</sup>  
Fell the feathery snow and covered  
All the marshes and the meadows,  
All the hill-tops and the highlands.  
Then old Pébôân<sup>18</sup>—the winter—  
Laughed along the stormy waters,  
Danced upon the windy headlands,  
On the storm his white hair streaming,  
And his steaming breath, ascending,  
On the pine-tops and the cedars  
Fell in frosty mists of silver,

Sprinkling spruce and fir with silver,  
Sprinkling all the woods with silver.

By the lodge-fire all the winter  
Sat the Sea-Gull and the Red Fox,  
Sat and kindly spoke and chatted,  
Till the twain seemed friends together.  
Friends they seemed in word and action,  
But within the breast of either  
Smoldered still the baneful embers—  
Fires of jealousy and hatred—  
Like a camp-fire in the forest  
Left by hunters and deserted ;  
Only seems a bed of ashes,  
But the East wind, Wâbun-noódin,  
Scatters through the woods the ashes,  
Fans to flame the sleeping embers,  
And the wild-fire roars and rages,  
Roars and rages through the forest.  
So the baneful embers smoldered,  
Smoldered in the breast of either.

From the far-off Sunny Islands,  
From the pleasant land of Summer,  
Where the spirits of the blessèd  
Feel no more the fangs of hunger,  
Or the cold breath of Kewâydin,  
Came a stately youth and handsome,  
Came Según,<sup>19</sup> the foe of Winter.  
Like the rising sun his face was,  
Like the shining stars his eyes were,  
Light his footsteps as the Morning's,  
In his hand were buds and blossoms,

On his brow a blooming garland.  
Straightway to the icy wigwam  
Of old Péböân, the Winter,  
Strode Según and quickly entered.  
There old Péböân sat and shivered,  
Shivered o'er his dying lodge-fire.

“Ah, my son, I bid you welcome;  
Sit and tell me your adventures;  
I will tell you of my power;  
We will pass the night together.”  
Thus spake Péböân—the Winter;  
Then he filled his pipe and lighted;  
Then by sacred custom raised it  
To the spirits in the ether;  
To the spirits in the caverns  
Of the hollow earth he lowered it.  
Thus he passed it to the spirits,  
And the unseen spirits puffed it.  
Next himself old Péböân honored;  
Thrice he puffed his pipe and passed it,  
Passed it to the handsome stranger.

“Lo I blow my breath,” said Winter,  
“And the laughing brooks are silent.  
Hard as flint become the waters,  
And the rabbit runs upon them.”

Then Según, the fair youth, answered:  
“Lo, I breathe upon the hillsides,  
On the valleys and the meadows,  
And behold, as if by magic—  
By the magic of the spirits,  
Spring the flowers and tender grasses.”

Then old Péböân replying :

“*Nah!* <sup>20</sup> I breathe upon the forests,  
And the leaves fall sere and yellow ;  
Then I shake my locks and snow falls,  
Covering all the naked landscape.”

Then Según arose and answered :

“*Nashké!* <sup>20</sup>—see !—I shake my ringlets ;  
On the earth the warm rain falleth,  
And the flowers look up like children  
Glad-eyed from their mother’s bosom.  
Lo, my voice recalls the robin,  
Brings the bobolink and bluebird,  
And the woods are full of music.  
With my breath I melt their fetters,  
And the brooks leap laughing onward.”

Then old Péböân looked upon him,  
Looked and knew Según, the Summer,  
From his eyes the big tears started  
And his boastful tongue was silent.  
Now Keezís—the great life-giver,  
From his wigwam in Waubú-nong <sup>21</sup>  
Rose and wrapped his shining blanket  
Round his giant form and started,  
Westward started on his journey,  
Striding on from hill to hill-top.  
Upward then he climbed the ether—  
On the Bridge of Stars <sup>22</sup> he traveled,  
Westward traveled on his journey  
To the far-off Sunset Mountains—  
To the gloomy land of shadows.

On the lodge-poles sang the robin—  
And the brooks began to murmur.  
On the South-wind floated fragrance  
Of the early buds and blossoms.  
From old Péböân's eyes the tear-drops  
Down his pale face ran in streamlets;  
Less and less he grew in stature  
Till he melted down to nothing;  
And behold, from out the ashes,  
From the ashes of his lodge-fire,  
Sprang the Miscoodeed<sup>23</sup> and, blushing,  
Welcomed Según to the North-land.

So from Sunny Isles returning,  
From the Summer-Land of spirits,  
On the poles of Panther's wigwam  
Sang Opeé-chee—sang the robin.  
In the maples cooed the pigeons—  
Cooed and wooed like silly lovers.  
“Hah!—hah!” laughed the crow derisive,  
In the pine-top, at their folly—  
Laughed and jeered the silly lovers.  
Blind with love were they, and saw not;  
Deaf to all but love, and heard not;  
So they cooed and wooed unheeding,  
Till the gray hawk pounced upon them,  
And the old crow shook with laughter.

On the tall cliff by the sea-shore  
Red Fox made a swing. She fastened  
Thongs of moose-hide to the pine-tree,  
To the strong arm of the pine-tree.

Like a hawk, above the waters,  
There she swung herself and fluttered,  
Laughing at the thought of danger,  
Swung and fluttered o'er the waters.  
Then she bantered Sea-Gull, saying,  
"See! —I swing above the billows!  
Dare you swing above the billows—  
Swing like me above the billows?"

To herself said Sea-Gull—"Surely  
I will dare whatever danger  
Dares the Red Fox—dares my rival;  
She shall never call me coward."  
So she swung above the waters—  
Dizzy height above the waters,  
Pushed and aided by her rival,  
To and fro with reckless daring,  
Till the strong tree rocked and trembled,  
Rocked and trembled with its burden.  
As above the yawning billows  
Flew the Sea-Gull like a whirlwind,  
Red Fox, swifter than red lightning,  
Cut the thongs, and headlong downward,  
Like an osprey from the ether,  
Like a wild-goose pierced with arrows,  
Fluttering fell the frantic woman,  
Fluttering fell into the waters—  
Plunged and sunk beneath the waters!  
Hark! —the wailing of the West-wind!  
Hark! —the wailing of the waters,  
And the beating of the billows!  
But no more the voice of Sea-Gull.

In the wigwam sat the Red Fox,  
Hushed the wail of Waub-omeé-meé,  
Weeping for her absent mother.  
With the twinkling stars the hunter  
From the forest came and Raven.  
“Sea-Gull wanders late,” said Red Fox,  
“Late she wanders by the sea-shore,  
And some evil may befall her.”  
In the misty morning twilight  
Forth went Panther and the Raven,  
Searched the forest and the marshes,  
Searched for leagues along the lake-shore,  
But they found no trace or tidings,  
Found no track in marsh or meadow,  
Found no trail in fen or forest,  
On the shore-sand found no footprints.  
Many days they sought and found not.  
Then to Panther spoke the Raven :  
“She is in the Land of Spirits—  
Surely in the Land of Spirits.  
High at midnight I beheld her—  
Like a flying star beheld her—  
To the waves of Gitchee Gumee  
Downward flashing through the ether  
Thus she flashed that I might see her,  
See and know my mother’s spirit ;  
Thus she pointed to the waters,  
And beneath them lies her body,  
In the wigwam of the spirits—  
In the lodge of Nebe-nâw-baigs.”<sup>24</sup>

Then spoke Panther to the Raven :  
“On the tall cliff by the waters

Wait and watch with Waub-omeé-meé.  
If the Sea-Gull hear the wailing  
Of her infant she will answer."

On the tall cliff by the waters  
So the Raven watched and waited ;  
All the day he watched and waited,  
But the hungry infant slumbered,  
Slumbered by the side of Raven,  
Till the pines' gigantic shadows  
Stretched and pointed to Waubú-nong <sup>21</sup>—  
To the far-off land of Sunrise ;  
Then the wee one woke and, famished,  
Made a long and piteous wailing.

From afar where sky and waters  
Meet in misty haze and mingle,  
Straight toward the rocky highland,  
Straight as flies the feathered arrow,  
Straight to Raven and the infant,  
Swiftly flew a snow-white sea-gull—  
Flew and touched the earth a woman.  
And behold, the long-lost mother  
Caught her wailing child and nursed her.

Thrice was wound a chain of silver  
Round her waist and strongly fastened.  
Far away into the waters—  
To the wigwam of the spirits—  
To the lodge of Nebe-nâw-baigs—  
Stretched the magic chain of silver.  
Spoke the mother to the Raven :



“ O my son—my brave young hunter,  
Feed my tender little orphan ;  
Be a father to my orphan ;  
Be a mother to my orphan—  
For the crafty Red Fox robbed us—  
Robbed the Sea-Gull of her husband,  
Robbed the infant of her mother.  
From this cliff the treacherous woman  
Headlong into Gitchee Gumee  
Plunged the mother of my orphan.  
Then a Nebe-nâw-baig caught me—  
Chief of all the Nebe-nâw-baigs—  
Took me to his shining wigwam,  
In the cavern of the waters,  
Deep beneath the mighty waters.  
All below is burnished copper,  
All above is burnished silver  
Gemmed with amethyst and agates.  
As his wife the Spirit holds me ;  
By this silver chain he holds me.

“ When my little one is famished,  
When with long and piteous wailing  
Cries the orphan for her mother,  
Hither bring her, O my Raven ;  
I will hear her—I will answer.  
Now the Nebe-nâw-baig calls me—  
Pulls the chain—I must obey him.”  
Thus she spoke, and in the twinkling  
Of a star the spirit-woman  
Changed into a snow-white sea-gull,  
Spread her wings and o’er the waters  
Swiftly flew and swiftly vanished.

Then in secret to the Panther  
Raven told his tale of wonder.  
Sad and sullen was the hunter;  
Sorrow gnawed his heart like hunger;  
All the old love came upon him,  
And the new love was a hatred.  
Hateful to his heart was Red Fox,  
But he kept from her the secret—  
Kept his knowledge of the murder.  
Vain was she and very haughty—  
Oge-mâ-kwa<sup>25</sup> of the wigwam.  
All in vain her fond caresses  
On the Panther now she lavished;  
When she smiled his face was sullen,  
When she laughed he frowned upon her;  
In her net of raven tresses  
Now no more she held him tangled.  
Now through all her fair disguises  
Panther saw an evil spirit,  
Saw the false heart of the woman.

On the tall cliff o'er the waters  
Raven sat with Waub-omeé-meé,  
Sat and watched again and waited,  
Till the wee one, faint and famished,  
Made a long and piteous wailing.  
Then again the snow-white Sea-Gull,  
From afar where sky and waters  
Meet in misty haze and mingle,  
Straight toward the rocky highland,  
Straight as flies the feathered arrow,  
Straight to Raven and the infant,

With the silver chain around her,  
Flew and touched the earth a woman.

In her arms she caught her infant—  
Caught the wailing Waub-omeé-meé,  
Sang a lullaby and nursed her.  
Sprang the Panther from the thicket—  
Sprang and broke the chain of silver!  
With his tomahawk he broke it.  
Thus he freed the willing Sea-Gull—  
From the Water-Spirit freed her,  
From the Chief of Nebe-nâw-baigs.

Very angry was the Spirit;  
When he drew the chain of silver,  
Drew and found that it was broken,  
Found that he had lost the woman,  
Very angry was the Spirit.  
Then he raged beneath the waters,  
Raged and smote the mighty waters,  
Till the big sea boiled and bubbled,  
Till the white-haired, bounding billows  
Roared around the rocky headlands,  
Rolled and roared upon the shingle.

To the wigwam happy Panther,  
As when first he wooed and won her  
Led his wife—as young and handsome.  
For the waves of Gitchee Gumeé  
Washed away the frost and wrinkles,  
And the spirits by their magic  
Made her young and fair forever.

In the wigwam sat the Red Fox  
Sat and sang a song of triumph,  
For she little dreamed of danger,  
Till the haughty hunter entered,  
Followed by the happy mother,  
Holding in her arms her infant.

When the Red Fox saw the Sea-Gull—  
Saw the dead a living woman,  
One wild cry she gave despairing,  
One wild cry as of a demon.  
Up she sprang and from the wigwam  
To the tall cliff flew in terror ;  
Frantic sprang upon the margin,  
Frantic plunged into the waters,  
Headlong plunged into the waters.

Dead she tossed upon the billows ;  
For the Nebe-nâw-baigs knew her,  
Knew the crafty, wicked woman,  
And they cast her from the waters,  
Spurned her from their shining wigwams ;  
Far away upon the shingle  
With the roaring waves they cast her.  
There upon her bloated body  
Fed the cawing crows and ravens,  
Fed the hungry wolves and foxes.

On the shore of Gitchee Gumee,  
Ever young and ever handsome,  
Long and happy lived the Sea-Gull,  
Long and happy with the Panther.  
Evermore the happy hunter

Loved the mother of his children.  
Like a red star many winters  
Blazed their lodge-fire on the sea-shore.  
O'er the Bridge of Souls <sup>26</sup> together  
Walked the Sea-Gull and the Panther.  
To the far-off Sunny Islands—  
To the Summer-Land of Spirits,  
Sea-Gull journeyed with her husband—  
Where no more the happy hunter  
Feels the fangs of frost or famine,  
Or the keen blasts of Kewâydin,  
Where no pain or sorrow enters,  
And no crafty, wicked woman.  
There she rules his lodge forever,  
And the twain are very happy,  
On the far-off Sunny Islands,  
In the Summer-Land of Spirits.  
On the rocks of Gitchee Gumee—  
On the Pictured Rocks—the legend  
Long ago was traced and written,  
Pictured by the Water-Spirits ;  
But the storms of many winters  
Have bedimmed the pictured story,  
So that none can read the legend  
But the Jossakeeds, <sup>27</sup> the prophets.

## Sweet Water.

### A LEGEND OF DAHKOTAH LAND.

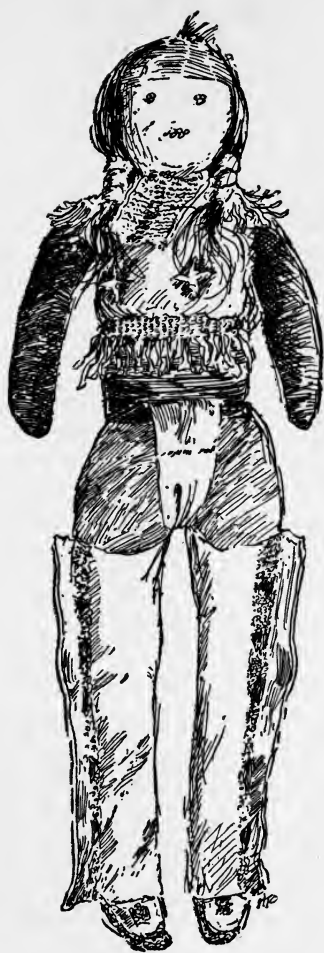
WITHIN the forest, by a crystal spring  
Where I, a weary hunter, paused to fling  
My form at length upon the velvet bank,  
And from the cool, delicious water drank  
A draught so comforting it well might seem  
The fabled fount of Ponce de Leon's dream,  
I met an aged half-breed, on whose cheek  
The marks of seasons wild and winters bleak  
Were softened by the warm light from the west—  
Sunset—the last day-beauty, and the best !  
Beside the spring he sat and gazed and dreamed  
In melancholy silence, till it seemed  
His very soul was pouring from his eyes  
And melting in that mirror, where the skies  
Were glassed in all their purity, and where  
No ripple reached the surface from the fair  
White bosom of the palpitating sand,—  
A constant flowing breast o'er Nature's grand,  
Tender, never weary heart ! 'Twas life  
Of her life which I quaffed ; 'twas sweet, and rife  
With flavor from foundations of her hills :

'Twas strong with her strength; throbbing with  
her thrills;  
Enriched with her untainted blood; a part  
Of that divinity which rules my heart!  
Thus when at last I drew my lips away,  
And in the quiet of the closing day  
Gave voice to my delight, the old man turned  
To meet my glance. His deep eyes lit and burned  
With growing brightness, and he softly said:  
“This spring is sacred for the holy dead;  
The spirit of Sweet Water lingers here;  
The powers of mystery and reverent fear  
And lovely death brood o’er this sleeping wave—  
A monument for one who had no grave.”  
Forthwith he poured into my willing ear  
A tale so wondrous I must tell it here:

One morning in the strawberry moon,  
Her heart with Nature’s heart in tune  
A maid went forth to meet the sun.  
That wonderous alchemist of day  
With mystic pigments had begun  
To tint the dark with twilight gray;  
On mystic fans the breezy hills  
Bestirred the air with perfumed thrills,  
And mystic voices tried to tell  
What dewy benedictions fell  
Through all the silent hours of night.  
The bend of eastern sky grew light  
With mystic rays of silver-green,  
Soon vanished in a violet sheen;  
And this fair, mystic phantom flew  
Before a potent golden hue.

The maiden idly wandered over  
Banks of moss and beds of clover,  
Pausing as she strolled along  
To hear the sweetest wildwood song,  
Or watch the butterfly whose flight  
From meadow bloom to forest flower  
Enticed her pleasure-searching sight  
With Nature's happiest power.  
She passed along a forest trail  
'Neath trees that thrilled with morning life;  
Above the song-birds' concert strife  
She heard the blithesome call of quail,  
The scornful cry of blue-jay dressed  
In splendid robes, with lordly crest.  
'Twas joy to see, 'twas joy to hear,  
'Twas joy to wander without fear.  
O lightsome heart! O peaceful breast!  
Where yet no passion brought unrest!  
Gayly she tripped, unconscious all  
That any danger might befall.  
But suddenly the song-birds fled  
From all the branches overhead.  
Then on her startled hearing rang  
The sharp and vengeful bow-string's twang  
A whizz—a yell—a writhing mass  
Fell on the path she thought to pass—  
A tawny panther from whose side  
An arrow drained the living tide.  
With shrinking eyes she saw the beast  
Rolling in agony, until  
At last the sensate struggles ceased,  
And all that mighty frame was still.  
While she was wondering whose keen sight





So well had sped the arrow's flight,  
A tall young brave stepped from the wood  
And silently before her stood.  
He gazed enraptured on her face,  
Her womanly charms, her youthful grace;  
And when he spoke, it was to tell  
The flattering things that win so well.  
She saw that he was one who fought  
Against her father's tribe, but naught  
Availed that knowledge for defense  
Against his passionate eloquence,  
And ere they parted on that morn  
Within her breast young Love was born. )  
They met again, and many times,  
As young hearts have in many climes.  
At last, upon a starry night,  
Unable longer to resist,  
She gave up all and took her flight  
And went with him where he might list.  
While they had lingered in their love,  
The stars had swiftly marched above—  
And thus it chanced that on their way  
They met the heralds of the day.  
Her lover led through forests dim,  
He brought her to the river bank;  
His light canoe, all tight and trim,  
He drew from grasses tall and rank.  
They pushed away; no time was lost,  
And soon the placid stream was crossed.  
Again they plunged among the trees.  
Although no doubt had power to seize  
Upon the maiden's heart, she feared  
And wondered that her brave appeared

To lose his wonted care ; she knew  
'Twas strange to leave their tried canoe,  
But went, unquestioning, and thought  
His deeds would bring her fears to naught.  
To her astonishment, he led  
Her from the forest's sheltering spread  
Into a small and star-lit glade,  
And, turning to her, softly bade  
Her fear not, for a warlike band  
Encompassed them on every hand.  
They were her lover's friends in arms,  
The war paint on their faces filled  
Her faithful breast with wild alarms,  
For she herself would fain be killed  
A thousand times than that her flight  
Should lead her own to death that night.  
She clasped his arm with trembling hand,  
And lifted to his bold black eyes  
A look he could but ill withstand—  
Love's first reproach, doubt's first surmise.  
From cold, white lips her question broke :  
“ Why do we thus these warriors meet  
So near the lodges of my folk ?  
Why do you thus their presence greet ? ”  
Before his tongue could make reply,  
A burly warrior, standing by,  
Strode forward, and, with murderous look,  
His tomahawk before her shook,  
And fiercely said : “ I am Two Bear ;  
Great chief am I ! 'Tis sweet to tear  
The craven hearts and drink the blood  
Of Two Bear's foes ; a big red flood  
Shall flow from coward Sioux, this morn

Their scalps Ojibway spears adorn.  
Why have you kept us waiting here?  
Behold, the sun will soon appear,  
The hour is late, the good time flies,  
And vengeance still unsated cries!  
Come," growled the brute, and clutched her wrist,  
And gave it rough and cruel twist;  
"Come, lead us now, with noiseless creep,  
To where thy Sioux dogs lie in sleep."  
Like thunderbolt from storm-filled air,  
The young brave sprang upon Two Bear;  
With mighty grasp he whirled him 'round  
And threw him fiercely to the ground.  
"Dog thou," he cried; "and darest thou pain  
This beauty with thy paws again  
I'll kill thee, ponderous as thou art!"  
Black with the fury in his heart,  
The bully rose, and toward the young  
And fearless champion wildly flung  
His tomahawk, which, lightly dodged,  
Swung through the hissing air and lodged  
Deep in the nearest cottonwood.  
Brief were the moments while they stood  
And glared into each other's eyes.  
Then forward leaped, with fearful cries,  
And joined in combat, hand to hand.  
With whirlwind sweep their knives outflashed,  
And lightning followed when they clashed.  
The maiden stood in dumb surprise,  
All heedless of the warrior band;  
Too anxious for her lover's fate  
To think upon his present state,  
Or care what stir she might create.

Sternly the conflict raged. At length,  
Although he fought with giant strength,  
The youthful brave was overpowered.  
He fell ; a crushing knee was pressed  
Upon his form, his foeman towered  
A moment o'er him, then his breast  
Received the cruel, plunging knife.  
The crimson flood gushed forth ; a thrill  
Of anguish swept his features o'er ;  
The light departed ; mortal strife  
Would stir the living pulse no more  
Within that ghastly form so still !  
Her lover's awful death awoke  
The maiden from her flight-born trance.  
She flashed around one fearful glance—  
The peril of her people broke  
Upon her mind ; she must be brave,  
For she alone could hope to save.  
She saw with horror and alarm  
Two Bear approach herself to claim  
As prize for his victorious arm ;  
His wicked face was all aflame.  
'Twas worse than death for her to stay,  
And she must warn those far away.  
No time was her's for useless grief.  
She turned, and like a storm-chased leaf,  
Fled swiftly toward the river bank.  
Alas ! A dozen leaps were all.  
The murderous tomahawk was thrown  
And cleft her brain. With one low moan,  
Upon her green death-bed she sank.  
But simultaneous with her fall  
A wild Dahkotch war-whoop rang

From out the forest, and a wall  
Of warriors rose on every hand.  
With common stroke their bow-strings' twang  
Sounded death to that fated band.  
The avengers closed upon their foe,  
And ere they ceased the conflict wild,  
Laid every feathered top-knot low ;  
In heaps Ojibway braves were piled.  
When all the last red scalps were torn  
They turned to find the murdered maid.  
All in her tribe would rise and mourn  
When dead before them she was laid.  
But strange event ! With wondering tone,  
Each asked of each where she had flown.  
In vain they searched. They found her not ;  
But there, upon the very spot  
Where she had fallen, a fountain gushed  
Which never man had seen before.  
They gathered round with breathing hushed  
And gazed, and wondered more and more.  
While every grass-blade growing near  
Was red and matted thick with gore,  
The overflow was sweet and clear ;  
The bosom of the bubbling spring  
Was spotless as a spirit's wing.  
With single voice they all proclaimed  
The magic spot a sacred place.  
The vanished girl was thenceforth named  
"Sweet Water," and to see her face  
Dahkotah hearts will journey here  
Till from the earth they disappear ;  
And when they die, their souls shall know  
The secret of its crystal flow.





ROCK GATEWAY, LAKE PEPIN.



## Death of Winona.

DOWN the broad *Ha-Ha Wák-pa*<sup>1</sup> the band took  
their way to the Games at *Keóza*,  
While the swift-footed hunters by land ran the  
shores for the elk and the bison.  
Like *magás*<sup>2</sup> ride the birchen canoes on the breast  
of the dark, winding river,  
By the willow-fringed island they cruise, by the  
grassy hills green to their summits ;  
By the lofty bluffs hooded with oaks that darken  
the deep with their shadows ;  
And bright in the sun gleam the strokes of the  
oars in the hands of the women.  
With the band went Winona. The oar plied the  
maid with the skill of a hunter.  
They tarried a time on the shore of *Remníca*—the  
Lake of the Mountains.<sup>3</sup>  
There the fleet hunters followed the deer, and the  
thorny *pahin*<sup>4</sup> for the women.  
From the *tees* rose the smoke of good cheer, curl-  
ing blue through the tops of the maples,  
Near the foot of a cliff that arose, like the battle-  
scarred walls of a castle,  
Up-towering, in rugged repose, to a dizzy height  
over the waters.

But the man-wolf still followed his prey, and the  
step-mother ruled in the *teepee* ;  
Her will must Winona obey, by the custom and  
law of Dakotas.  
The gifts to the *teepee* were brought—the blankets  
and beads of the White men,  
And Winona, the orphaned, was bought by the  
crafty, relentless Tamdóka.  
In the Spring-time of life, in the flush of the glad-  
some mid-May days of Summer,  
When the bobolink sang and the thrush, and the  
red robin chirped in the branches,  
To the tent of the brave must she go ; she must  
kindle the fire in his *teepee* ;  
She must sit in the lodge of her foe, as a slave at  
the feet of her master.  
Alas for her waiting ! the wings of the East-wind  
have brought her no tidings ;  
On the meadow the meadow-lark sings, but sad is  
her song to Winona,  
For the glad warbler's melody brings but the  
memory of voices departed.  
The Day-Spirit walked in the west to his lodge in  
the land of the shadows ;  
His shining face gleamed on the crest of the oak-  
hooded hills and the mountains,  
And the meadow-lark hied to her nest, and the  
mottled owl peeped from her cover.  
But hark ! from the *teepees* a cry ! Hear the shouts  
of the hurrying warriors !  
Are the feet of the enemy nigh,—of the crafty and  
cruel Ojibways ?

Nay; look!—on the dizzy cliff high—on the brink  
of the cliff stands Winona!

Her sad face up-turned to the sky. Hark! I hear  
the wild wail of her death-song:

“My Father’s Spirit, look down, look down—  
From your hunting grounds in the shining skies;  
Behold, for the light of my heart is gone;  
The light is gone and Winona dies.

“I looked to the East, but I saw no star;  
The face of my White Chief was turned away.  
I harked for his footsteps in vain; afar  
His bark sailed over the Sunrise-sea.

“Long have I watched till my heart is cold;  
In my breast it is heavy and cold as a stone.  
No more shall Winona his face behold,  
And the robin that sang in her heart is gone.

“Shall I sit at the feet of the treacherous brave?  
On his hateful couch shall Winona lie?  
Shall she kindle his fire like a coward slave?  
No!—a warrior’s daughter can bravely die.

“My Father’s Spirit, look down, look down—  
From your hunting-grounds in the shining skies;  
Behold, for the light in my heart is gone;  
The light is gone and Winona dies.”

Swift the strong hunters climbed as she sang, and  
the foremost of all was Tamdóka;  
From crag to crag upward he sprang; like a  
panther he leaped to the summit.

Too late!—on the brave as he crept turned the  
maid in her scorn and defiance ;  
Then swift from the dizzy height leaped. Like a  
brant arrow-pierced in mid-heaven,  
Down whirling and fluttering she fell, and head-  
long plunged into the waters.  
Forever she sank mid the wail, and the wild  
lamentation of women.  
Her lone spirit evermore dwells in the depths of  
the Lake of the Mountains,  
And the lofty cliff evermore tells to the years as  
they pass her sad story.<sup>5</sup>

In the silence of sorrow the night o'er the earth  
spread her wide, sable pinions ;  
And the stars hid their faces ; and light on the  
lake fell the tears of the spirits.  
As her sad sisters watched on the shore for her  
spirit to rise from the waters,  
They heard the swift dip of an oar, and a boat  
they beheld like a shadow,  
Gliding down through the night in the gray,  
gloaming mists on the face of the waters.  
'Twas the bark of DuLuth on his way from the  
Falls to the Games at *Keóza*.

## The Legend of the Moccasin Flower.

MINNEOPA was a maiden  
Fleet of foot and fond of sport,  
She, her mother's only daughter,  
Cared not for the harsh report  
That she left the woman's labor  
To her only parent, while  
With the hunt and ramble busied,  
Oft she wandered many a mile.

Scarce her cousins could excel her  
In the bending of the bow,  
Though they were so tall and manly,  
With them hunting she would go.  
She had shot the timid rabbit,  
With her arrows swift and keen,  
Now she wished to slay the red-deer  
As the hunters she had seen.

Beautiful she was, and graceful,  
Like the young fawn she pursued,  
Gayly decked with beads and wampum,  
For her mother fond endured

With great worth this only daughter ;  
As her sire a chief had been,  
E'en the boyish pranks and pastime  
For her no reproof could win.

Tiny moccasins, so dainty,  
Well her little feet encased,  
And her long braids streamed behind her  
As down woodland paths she raced.  
"I will go alone and find them,  
Then the red-deer I will kill."  
So she went, for all she minded  
Was her own caprice and will.

Warm and smoky Indian summer  
Lent the earth a russet glow,  
And the hazel nuts dropped softly  
'Mong the rustling leaves below.  
Far she wandered, but no creature  
Caught her ear or crossed her path,  
Save the blue-jay in the treetop  
Screaming oft in seeming wrath.

Suddenly she heard a roaring,  
Crackling sound. In sickening dread  
Looked and saw the forest burning  
With a lurid flame and red.  
Fast she flew ; the flames spread faster,  
Caught her in their fierce embrace ;  
Minneopa, never, never,  
Will you now the wild deer chase.

Ashes gray and failing cinders  
Made for her a lonely grave.

But with springtime came the verdure,  
And the kindly grasses waved ;  
Peeping up came gorgeous blossoms,  
Never seen on earth before,  
Shaped and colored like the moccasins  
That the Indian maiden wore.

Some there were of heavenly coloring,  
Such as clouds at sunset wear,  
White and rosy ; they were emblems  
Of the new ones waiting where  
In the spirit land she wanders  
With her father strong and brave ;  
And the mother, when she saw them,  
Knew they marked her daughter's grave.

IDA SEXTON SEARLS.

THE END.





## NOTES.

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### WINONA.

<sup>1</sup> The name given by the Dakotas to the first-born, if a female.

<sup>2</sup> Tipi, skin tent.

<sup>3</sup> An edible root found on the prairies.

<sup>4</sup> The Crow Indians, hereditary foes of the Dakotas, call themselves Absaraka, which means crow in their language.

<sup>5</sup> Each Indian guest at a banquet carries with him his own wooden bowl and spoon.

<sup>6</sup> Many Indians believe in the transmigration of souls, and some of them profess to remember previous states of existence.

<sup>7</sup> A renowned chief, formerly living on Lake Pepin.

<sup>8</sup> A supernatural monster inhabiting the larger rivers and lakes, and hereditary foe of the Thunder Bird.

<sup>9</sup> The Falls of St. Anthony.

<sup>10</sup> The name given to a first-born, if a male. Upon becoming a warrior or performing some feat of arms, the youth is permitted to select another name.

<sup>11</sup> Hereditary foe of the Dakotas.

<sup>12</sup> The Dakotas formerly disposed of their dead by fastening them to the branches of trees or to rude platforms. This is still practiced to some extent.

<sup>13</sup> The Indians paint and adorn a body before sepulture.

### HIAWATHA.

<sup>1</sup> "On the mountains of the prairie." (Mt. Catlin, etc.) Located near the boundary between Minnesota and Dakota, near the head waters of the Mississippi.

<sup>2</sup> This quarry, located near the hills or mountains, was very famous among the Indians, who by common consent had

made the adjacent territory neutral ground. Here they came and provided themselves with pipes, very necessary to the Indian's happiness. To apply the stone to any other use than that of pipe-making would have been sacrilege in the native's mind. From similarity in color, they even fancied it to have been made, at the great deluge, from the flesh of the perishing Indian.

<sup>3</sup> In Northern Pennsylvania, on the Susquehanna River, the scene of a terrible massacre by the Indians and Tories in 1778. Campbell wrote *Gertrude of Wyoming* on the incidents of that July 5th.

<sup>4</sup> A section of Alabama, taking its name from the chief defeated by De Soto in 1540.

"The Falls of Minnehaha." (The Scenery about Fort Snelling, etc.)

### THE DESCENDING STAR.

This legend is related by Kah-ge-ga-gah-bawh, chief of the Ojibway Nation, or Chippewas, in his "Traditional History of the Ojibway Nation" purporting to be the first volume of Indian history written by an Indian. In common with his forest brethren, he "was brought up in the woods." Twenty months passed in a school in Illinois constituted the sum-total of his schooling. But he had learned the traditions of his people, as was customary, from the lips of the chief, his father.

Through the stilted language of this somewhat unlettered Indian we catch faint glimpses of the poetic beauty with which the tradition glowed when actually related at the wigwam door. An attempt has been made to retain and crystallize this poetic beauty in the preceding metrical version of the Indian legend.

### THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

A new version of the beautiful and popular legend of the first spring flower, making the visitant to the old man's lodge a maiden, and identifying the blossom as the trailing arbutus, was told by Hon. C. L. Belknap of Michigan before the Folk-Lore Society in Washington, Dec., 1891.

### THE SEA-GULL.

<sup>1</sup> *Kay-óshk* is the Ojibway name for the sea-gull.

<sup>2</sup> *Gitchee*—great,—*Gúmee*—sea or lake,—Lake Superior

also often called *Ochipwè Gitchee Gúmee*, Great Lake (or sea) of the Ojibways.

<sup>8</sup> *Né-mè-Shómis*—my grandfather. "In the days of my grandfather" is the Ojibway's preface to all his traditions and legends.

<sup>4</sup> *Waub*—white—*O-jeeg*—fisher (a furred animal). White Fisher was the name of a noted Ojibway chief who lived on the south shore of Lake Superior many years ago. Schoolcraft married one of his descendants.

<sup>5</sup> *Ma-kwa* or *mush-kwa*—the bear.

<sup>6</sup> The *Te-ke-nâh-gun* is a board upon one side of which a sort of basket is fastened or woven with thongs of skin or strips of cloth. In this the babe is placed and the mother carries it on her back. In the wigwam the *tekenâgun* is often suspended by a cord to the lodge-poles and the mother swings her babe in it.

<sup>7</sup> *Wabóse* (or *Wabos*)—the rabbit. *Penáy*, the pheasant. At certain seasons the pheasant drums with his wings.

<sup>8</sup> *Kaug*, the porcupine. *Kenéw*, the war-eagle.

<sup>9</sup> *Ka-be-bon-ik-ka* is the god of storms, thunder, lightning, etc. His home is on Thunder-Cap at Thunder-Bay, Lake Superior. By his magic the giant that lies on the mountain was turned to stone. He always sends warnings before he finally sends the severe cold of winter, in order to give all creatures time to prepare for it.

<sup>10</sup> *Kewâydin*, or *Kewâytin*, is the North wind or Northwest wind.

<sup>11</sup> *Algónkin* is the general name applied to all tribes that speak the Ojibway language or dialects of it.

<sup>12</sup> This is the favorite "love-broth" of the Ojibway squaws. The warrior who drinks it immediately falls desperately in love with the woman who gives it to him. Various tricks are devised to conceal the nature of the "medicine" and to induce the warrior to drink it; but when it is mixed with a liberal quantity of "fire-water" it is considered irresistible.

<sup>13</sup> Translation: Woe-is-me! Woe-is-me!  
Great Spirit, behold me!  
Look, Father; have pity upon me!  
Woe-is-me! Woe-is-me!

<sup>14</sup> Snow-storms from the Northwest.

<sup>15</sup> The Ojibways, like the Dakotas, call the *Via Lactea* (Milky Way) the Pathway of the Spirits.

<sup>16</sup> *Shinge-bis*, the diver, is the only water-fowl that remains about Lake Superior all winter.

<sup>17</sup> *Waub-èsè*—the white swan.

<sup>18</sup> *Pé-boân*, Winter, is represented as an old man with long white hair and beard.

<sup>19</sup> *Según* is Spring (or Summer). This beautiful allegory has been "done into verse" by Longfellow in *Hiawatha*. Longfellow evidently took his version from Schoolcraft. I took mine originally from the lips of *Pah-go-nay-gie-shiek*—"Hole-in-the-day"—(the elder), in his day head-chief of the Ojibways. I afterward submitted it to *Gitche Shabásh-Konk*, head-chief of the *Misse-sah-ga-é-gun*—(Mille Lac's band of Ojibways), who pronounced it correct.

"Hole-in-the-day," although sanctioned by years of unchallenged use, is a bad translation of *Pah-go-nay-gie-shiek*, which means a *clear spot in the sky*.

He was a very intelligent man ; had been in Washington several times on business connected with his people, and was always shrewd enough to look out for himself in all his treaties and transactions with the Government. He stood six feet two inches in his moccasins, was well-proportioned, and had a remarkably fine face. He had a nickname—*Que-we-zánc* (Little Boy)—by which he was familiarly called by his people.

The Pillagers —*Nah-kánd-tway-we-nin-ni-wak*—who live about Leech Lake (*Kah-sah-gah-squah-g-me-cock*) were opposed to *Pa-go-nay-gie-shiek*, but he compelled them through fear to recognize him as Head-Chief. At the time of the "Sioux outbreak" in 1862 "Hold-in-the-day" for a time apparently meditated an alliance with the *Po-áh-nuck* (Dakotas) and war upon the whites. The Pillagers and some other bands urged him strongly to this course, and his supremacy as head-chief was threatened unless he complied. Messengers from the Dakotas were undoubtedly received by him, and he, for a time at least, led the Dakotas to believe that their hereditary enemies, the Ojibways, would bury the hatchet and join them in a war of extermination against the whites. "Hole-in-the-day," with a band of his warriors, appeared opposite Fort Ripley (situated on the west bank of the Mississippi River between Little Falls and Crow Wing), and assumed a threatening attitude toward the fort, then garrisoned by volunteer

troops. The soldiers were drawn up on the right bank and "Hole-in-the-day" and his warriors on the left. A little speech-making settled the matter for the time being and very soon thereafter a new treaty was made with "Hole-in-the-day" and his head men, by which their friendship and allegiance were secured to the whites. It was claimed by the Pillagers that "Hole-in-the-day" seized the occasion to profit personally in his negotiations with the agents of the Government.

In 1867 "Hole-in-the-day" took "another wife." He married Helen McCarty, a white woman, in Washington, D. C., and took her to his home at Gull Lake (*Ka-ga-ya-skúnc-cock*) literally, *plenty of little gulls*.

She bore him a son who is known as Joseph H. Woodbury, and now (1891) resides in the city of Minneapolis. His marriage with a white woman increased the hatred of the Pillagers, and they shot him from ambush and killed him near *Ninge-tá-we-de-guá-yonk*—Crow Wing—on the 27th day of June, 1868.

At the time of his death, "Hole-in-the-day" was only thirty-seven years old, but had been recognized as Head-Chief for a long time. He could speak some English, and was far above the average of white men in native shrewdness and intelligence. He was thoroughly posted in the traditions and legends of his people.

The Ojibways have for many years been cursed by contact with the worst elements of the whites, and seem to have adopted the vices rather than the virtues of civilization. I once spoke of this to "Hole-in-the-day." His reply was terse and truthful—"Mádgè tche-mó-ko-mon, mádgè a-nische-nábé : menógé tche-mó-ko-mon, menó a-nischè-nábè.—Bad white men, bad Indians : good white men, good Indians."

<sup>20</sup> *Nah*—look, see. *Nashké*—behold.

<sup>21</sup> *Kee-zis*—the sun,—the father of life. *Waubúnong*—or *Waub-ónong*—is the White Land or Land of Light,—the Sunrise, the East.

<sup>22</sup> The Bridge of Stars spans the vast sea of the skies, and the sun and moon walk over on it.

<sup>23</sup> The *Miscodeed* is a small white flower with a pink border. It is the earliest blooming wild flower on the shores of Lake Superior, and belongs to the crocus family.

<sup>24</sup> The *Ne-be-naw-baigs*, are Water-spirits ; they dwell in caverns in the depths of the lake, and in some respects resemble the *Unktéhee* of the Dakotas.

<sup>25</sup> *Ogema*, Chief,—*Oge-má-kwá*—female Chief. Among the Algónkin tribes women are sometimes made chiefs. *Net-nó-kwa*, who adopted Tanner as her son, was *Oge-má-kwá* of a band of Ottawas. See *John Tanner's Narrative*, p. 36.

<sup>26</sup> The "Bridge of Souls" leads from the earth over dark and stormy waters to the spirit-land. The "Dark River" seems to have been a part of the superstitions of all nations.

<sup>27</sup> The *Jossakeeds* of the Ojibways are soothsayers who are able, by the aid of spirits, to read the past as well as the future.

### WINONA.

Mr. Gordon has taken for his theme the love of the beautiful maiden Winona for Du Luth the explorer. He leaves her to continue his travels, and she, driven to desperation at the thought of marriage with Tapedoka, whom she loathes, takes her life.

<sup>1</sup> The Dakota name for the Mississippi.

<sup>2</sup> Wild geese.

<sup>3</sup> Lake Pepin: by Hennepin called the Lake of Tears.—Called by the Dakotas *Pein-uee-chah-mday*—Lake of the Mountain.

<sup>4</sup> The rock from which Winona leaped was formerly perpendicular to the water's edge and she leaped into the lake. The rock to-day is crumbled and the waters have receded to some distance from the rock. Winona's spirit is said to still haunt the lake.













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